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Great Britain and the Dominions Overseas

SWIMMERS IN SOUTH FIGHT HUGE BEASTS

Crocodiles, Sharks and Devilfish Attack People at Waterside Resorts in Australasia

HUMAN TRAGEDIES ARE REPORTED

"Whaler" Sharks Captured Show Amazing Wounds Probably Resulting From Battles With Sea Monsters

FEROCIOUS sharks, giant octopi and salt water crocodiles have given a dangerous aspect recently to shallower sections of much of the Southern Pacific, which hitherto have been free from these menaces.

T. Vangioni, while swimming in Akarga Harbor, New Zealand, endured terrifying agony in the grip of tentacles of a giant octopus. A friend dived into the water and beat off the sea brute with a club, Vangioni being on the point of collapse when rescued.

He said he had dived into deep water when what he described as two devil's eyes, glowing and ferocious, seemed to dart down upon him, and even before the tentacles grasped him he felt utterly powerless. An uncanny fascination or paralyzing horror made him almost incapable of effort against the muscular and tenacious grip. Almost more terrifying than the amazing strength of the tentacles was an overpowering sensation as of live electric wires.

People of North Queensland who have been swimming in the estuaries of the district on hot days, have abandoned the practice almost altogether as a consequence of invasion of salt water crocodiles.

At Carns, three youths were bathing in an enclosure near the shore, when one of them, Kevin Conlin, age fourteen, who was in water only eighteen inches deep, suddenly leaped into the air with a cry of agony. His companions were horrified to see pointing from the water the long jagged jaws of a crocodile wide open ready to snap again at the boy.

After three human tragedies attributed to sharks at Bondi Beach, near the heart of Sidney, a commercial shark fishing company spread huge nets between two ships and secured twenty-nine sharks, one of them a tiger shark, the most ferocious of the species, twenty feet in length and weighing between 800 and 900 pounds.

Several of the catch were "whaler" sharks, a kind which preys on whales. Some of these were found to have received amazing wounds, presumably in battles with the sea mammals, two being so maimed as to be half eaten away.

LIVINGSTONE'S MEMORY

Survivor of Party of Famous Missionary and Explorer Now in Want

Matthew Wellington, the surviving member of the band of Africans who in 1873 carried David Livingstone's body from the interior to the coast, who now lives at Mombassa, is reported to be faced with poverty. An appeal is being made for subscriptions to a fund to enable the old man to be provided for during the rest of his life. Two years ago a similar situation arose, and a fund was then raised, but is exhausted. The East African Standard suggests that Wellington should be taken under the care of the Colony and adequate provision made for him by the Legislature. This, it says, would be a worthy tribute to the memory of Livingstone and an indication of the white man's admiration for Wellington's devotion and loyalty. It is recalled that Matthew Wellington was presented to the Prince of Wales when the Prince visited Mombassa.

MOVE HUGE LOSSES

Great British Armament Firm Reports Deficit of Two and Half Million Dollars

A loss of more than $2,500,000, or almost double the amount provided for, is shown in the accounts of the great Armstrong-Whitworth engineering and armament firm, just issued. Just about half this loss was prepared for in the first half of the year under the rearrangement of capital and reorganization of finances effected some time ago, when the capital was cut down by many millions. The advisory committee has ceased to function and an announcement concerning management will be made by the board at the general meeting.

Model Ships Sold

The fine private collection of models of old ships, long exhibited in the training vessel Mercury's museum, has been purchased by Sir James Caird, shipowner, for $150,000. Some of the models are said to have belonged to Samuel Pepys, the famous diarist.

Remarkable Ruins Of Mayan Cities Is Now Uncovered

THE British Museum expedition to the Maya ruins, in the south part of little-known British Honduras, has made considerable progress in solving the mystery of the Maya and has discovered stone carvings and wonderful temples as remarkable as the ancient remains in Egypt. When transportation facilities are provided these ruins will be visited by thousands of tourists. This is the fourth year of exploration of these ruins by the British Museum scientists. Two sites of ancient cities have already been uncovered. Thus far the season's work has been devoted to minute examination of the ruins, which were buried in deep tropical forests on the Pusilha branch of the Columbia River, some thirty miles from Punta Gorda. Carved stones showing deities and glyphs have already been deciphered by the archaeological experts.

PROSAIC KNOT ENDS ROMANCE

Gretna Green Runaways Return to Earth and Home and Seek Seclusion of a London Register Office

BRIDE'S TEARS SAVED GROOM

Mr Hector Mappin, eighteen-year-old Cambridge undergraduate, and his nineteen-year-old heiress bride were married by special licence at Brentwood (Essex) Register Office after being for a week or so the front page feature of the British press over their runaway wedding at Gretna Green.

The ceremony was performed in the presence of the bride's mother, her twin brother and young sister. Elaborate precautions were taken to keep the event secret.

The bride's name was given as Mrs. Hector Mappin, formerly Miss Olive Emily Ridsdel, and her age nineteen. Mr. Mappin's age was given as eighteen.

Mr Mappin and Miss Ridsdel eloped, and despite a widespread search, succeeded in motoring to Scotland, where they were declared man and wife over the blacksmith's anvil at Gretna Green. On their return south the bridegroom was "kidnapped" by Cambridge students and only escaped a ducking in the river at Bult by the tears of his bride.

Sentiment is growing along the Scottish border for the abolition of the "easy marriage" system at Gretna Green, where 350 hasty weddings have taken place within eighteen months.

Only thirty-one of these marriages were later registered. That is the outstanding factor in the agitation against Gretna Green "romance."

Popular revulsion against the "romantic traditions" of the frontier village has been intensified by the marriage of Miss Oliva Ridsdel and Hector Mappin.

ALTER WAITING ROOMS

Unnecessary Accommodation at Depots Transformed Into Shops and Living Apartments

Road travel in Britain has so reduced the demand at railway stations for waiting room accommodation that experiments are being made by the London & North Eastern Railway Company to put the now almost deserted rooms to other uses which will not only bring revenue to the company but afford conveniences to the public. The idea is to convert them into shops with street entrances and a platform counter. This has been done at Whitby; at Darlington small garages have been provided, and at Bridlington rooms have been placed at the disposal of the public for rental. The chief feature of interest is the suggestion to utilise rooms at wayside stations on quiet lines in areas where there is a scarcity of houses for living rooms.

DIAMOND MINE IN BIRDS' GIZZARDS

Southwest African Hunter Recovers Seventy Beautiful Gems From Two Ostriches' "Innards"

A hunter who killed two ostriches in Southwest Africa, found fifty-three diamonds of beautiful quality in the gizzard of one and seventeen diamonds in another. It has since been discovered that the ostriches which roamed the Nuquamaland area, now proclaimed a Government diamond field, are walking diamond mines. The birds fled from the region owing to the rush of diggers to the fields, and are now scattered over the Kalihari and Ovamboland districts, where they are relentlessly pursued by whites and natives for the sake of the precious contents of their crops.

HOMES GIVEN 101,000 WAIFS IN 62 YEARS

Bishop of Chelmsford at Annual Meeting Stresses Good Accomplished by Dr. Barnado's Homes

APPROACHES TO CHRISTIAN RELIGION

Over 30,000 Boys and Girls Now Making Good in Canada, Australia and New Zealand

AT the annual May meeting in connection with Dr. Barnardo's Homes, held at the Central Hall, Westminster, Canon G D Oakley made a moving allusion to the work done for the cause by Mr William McCall, his predecessor as chairman of the council, who was to have presided, and whose sudden death had deprived them of a man of great organizing ability, who had devoted himself to the work as a labor of love.

The Bishop of Chelmsford paid an eloquent tribute to the great work accomplished by the Barnardo organization, the details of which he was personally acquainted with. It had, he said, proved the salvation of thousands of children who came into the world lacking that home and care in early life which was their birthright. Those children, he knew, found real homes in the Barnardo village settlements, where they lived in houses with a "mother" to care for them. They were highly favored compared with children brought up in institutions. The work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes was very near indeed to the Christian religion. There were people who, perhaps, said that such work was purely philanthropic, but in his opinion the only safe groundwork was a religious basis.

The Rev. L. Hubert Simpson recalled his first impressions of Dr. Barnardo, whose history showed what difficulties could be overcome by a man who believed in a great cause and relied upon Providence to sustain it. The Rev H Crossley-White, D.D., also spoke.

There was a crowded attendance, which showed its appreciation of the good singing of the mixed choir of 100 evidently well-trained boys and girls from the Girls' Village Home at Barkingside and the Boys' Garden City. Members of the Boys' Band gave an excellent exhibition of handbell ringing and other musical exercises.

Nearly 8,000 boys and girls are now being cared for in Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Since their foundation in 1866 over 101,000 children have passed in and out of their portals, over 30,000 leaving to make good in Canada or Australia and New Zealand.

PRINCE OF WALES RECEIVES AUDAX

Anonymous Donor of $525,000 to King's Recovery Thankoffering Visits St. James' Palace

The Prince of Wales recently received Audax at St. James' Palace states the Court Circular. The name Audax hides the identity of the man who anonymously gave £105,000 to King Edward's Hospital fund for London to start a thankoffering fund for the King's recovery. The use of a nom-de-plume in a Court Circular is without precedent.

Audax's visit to St. James' Palace was kept a secret. Even members of the Prince's domestic staff did not know the identity of the visitor. The Prince received Audax in the private room at York House in which he always receives individual callers. The visit took place in the morning and was only a short one.

The subscriptions received the same day by the fund amounted at 3 o'clock to £31,000 in sums of one shilling and upwards. Dr. H. Dreyfus sent £5,000.

Something Different

Miss Eileen Bennett, England's youthful tennis star, has started a new fashion in tennis frocks. In the series of matches at Wimbleton in June when she will probably face Helen Wills, Miss Bennett will wear something a bit different. Her frock is crepe de Chine with one inverted pleat on each side of the skirt, which is quite low waisted. The dress is loosely cut, has no sleeves, and bears Miss Bennett's initials on the right hand side at the top.

A Fighting Suffragette

Miss Annie Kenny, one of the leading suffragettes in the window-smashing, hunger-striking days of the movement, is supporting Liberal candidates in the North of England in the present election campaign. She brands the Labor platform as "more dressy than practical" and brushes away the Conservative programme as "out of touch with the present age."

Prince of Wales Represents King at Levee

The above picture shows a general view of the Prince of Wales leaving Buckingham Palace in his coach attended by the Royal Bodyguard for St. James' Palace, where he held a Levee on behalf of the King.

SENTRY WOULD VISIT PARENTS

Guardsman Who Disappeared From Buckingham Palace Sets New A.W.L. Record for Brigade

EX-OFFICER RELATES PARALLEL INCIDENT

The sentry who disappeared from his box in front of the gates of Buckingham Palace in the middle of the night and turned up several days afterwards at his father's home in Scotland, 500 miles away, having walked the entire distance, must have been mad—or in love. Nothing has ever happened in the annals of British regimental history to compare with this strange incident. Here was a man, tall and strongly built, as are all guardsmen, clad in full regalia, from towering bearskin to shining black boots, and bearing a rifle with fixed bayonet, who at midnight was observed to be standing to attention at his post. Before dawn this same beautiful figure had vanished as though he had never been.

Officers and ex-officers of the brigade of guards compared notes and endeavored to recall whether in their own experience anything similar had occurred. The nearest approach to this quite inexplicable breach of duty was the story told by an ex-captain of the Grenadiers.

He was in command of the guard at St James' Palace, in one small portion of which lives the Prince of Wales. On going his rounds at midnight he made the customary inspection in Marlborough House Gardens. Here, to his utter amazement, he found the sentry on duty peacefully sleeping extended at full length, his bearskin used as a pillow and his equipment and rifle neatly arranged beside him. The sleeping guardsman was awakened somewhat roughly and asked to explain himself. But the young man was very tight and very sleepy and, moreover, hailed from Lancashire. Without rising he answered his captain, "Ah'm fed and Ah've packed up!"

They say that it will be a long while before the Scots Guards (the missing sentry was a Scotsman), are allowed to forget this incident. "Have you missed any sentries lately?" other officers in the Brigade of Guards say, when they meet brother captains and lieutenants from the Scots Guards.

TRAIN GOES 80 M.P.H.

Edinburgh Business Man's Express Sets New Record on Run to Carlisle

With a Derby-built standard compound engine in charge of a Leeds driver, the new Sheffield and Leeds to Glasgow and Edinburgh business man's express train recently set up a new record. From a standing start at Appleby, the thirty and one-half miles to Carlisle were covered in twenty-nine minutes showing a maximum speed over a portion of the distance of nearly eighty miles per hour.

Refused to Lease

Solicitor in a possession summons at Shoreditch County Court—You had notice from your landlady to quit?

Man—Yes, after I offered to marry her.

All three leaders in the British election campaign have signified to the Lord's Day Observance Society their opposition to any legislation of Sunday theatres.

Judge Cluer, to a barrister at Shoreditch County Court—You can take this to the High Court.

Barrister—There is always trouble if you go upstairs.

Bank Robot Balks At Account Which Shows Overdraft

THE old-fashioned passbook will soon be a relic of the past. In its place the customer receives a periodical statement which shows the particulars of his transactions with the bank and the balance after each transaction. The balance is automatically calculated and printed by the machine as each item is entered, and the machine calls attention to an overdraft by automatically locking itself, printing the amount in red when the lock is released. Pen-and-ink methods are being abolished in the branches of the Westminster Bank. Ledger posting machines and typewriter accounting machines, which are developments of the new familiar adding machine, have been purchased to the value of £100,000. The change that is taking place is said to be the most complete mechanization ever attempted at one time by any organization in the world.

ROTARIAN DERIDES PLUS FOURS FIEND

London Conference Told That Employers Habitually Abuse Use of "Uniform"

Plus fours, as office wear, are increasing in popularity—much to the dislike of many British employers and employees.

At the Rotarian conference in London, Mr V. G. Crittall, of the Crittall Manufacturing Company, said he regarded employers going to work in plus fours on Saturdays as a bad example.

Not only on Saturdays, but on every day of the week, thousands of young men have taken to wearing plus fours at their offices and on all kinds of business. Their connection with golf is remote in the extreme. Many of the wearers have never handled a golf club in their lives, but for some reason they have adopted plus fours as an everyday attire.

"Commercial travelers are my best plus fours customers," a leading tailor reported, "because they find the dress eminently suitable for travel, particularly when this is done by road. But the habit of wearing them in offices is undoubtedly spreading, and men are getting far more particular about color schemes than they were once. They want the suits to match their pull-overs, and these, in turn, must not clash with the socks and tie."

"Plus fours, inside or outside the office, should be made a penal offence," an official of the National Union of Clerks said. "They are unsightly, and I agree that employers set a very bad example by wearing them in front of their workers. It's rather like flaunting their pleasures in the face of those who are not so lucky, and invites contempt and grousing."

One "plus fours fiend," when asked why he chose to wear them in his office, defended them on the grounds of comfort, and because they were ideal for motorcycling when his work was finished.

MURDERERS EXECUTED

Out of Fifty-One Captured, Nineteen Pay Extreme Penalty in Britain

The Home Office criminal statistics for 1927 in Great Britain showed a total of 140 murders, including forty-one of infants less than one year old. For the other ninety-nine cases fifty-one persons were arrested. Nine were acquitted and twenty-three found guilty but insane. There were twenty-four death sentences and nineteen executions.

SHIP BIG LENS

Lighthouse of 70,000 Candle Power Will Be Built on the Bahamas

A monster lighthouse lens with a 70,000 candle power light has arrived in Nassau, Bahamas, from England, and will be installed on Watling's Island, or San Salvador, as it was formerly called. The lens was manufactured in Staffordshire and was shipped in parts, making forty-four cases in all. After being taken to the Port of San Salvador by ship the lens must be taken three miles overland to the base of the 100-foot hill on which the lighthouse is located. After this 480 yards of tramline will be laid to haul the cases to the summit of the hill with the aid of winches.

LONDONERS CRAVE EVELESS OFFICE

City Shipping Firm Reverts to Pre-War Conditions and "No Female Need Apply"

There is one great company in the City of London which will soon be "womanless." Very shortly every woman will have left the staff of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, to be replaced by men, and the company's great new offices in Leadenhall Street will never know a girl typist or woman secretary.

Anti-feminists in the company declare with glee that among the "pet abominations" which have almost disappeared, and which shortly will vanish for ever, are: Giggles, powder puffs, shingled hair, short skirts, lipsticks and tea cup scandals.

Only five girl diehards remain out of scores formerly in the company's employ, and three of these are shortly to get married, while the other two will have to go by the time the new offices are taken over.

"We are merely reverting to our prewar policy of an all-male staff," stated an official of the company, "and all the women in our employ were given twelve months' notice to enable them to secure other jobs."

DUCHESS "DROPS IN"

Her Grace of Bedford, Aged Sixty-Three Years, Descends From Skies on Her Friends

The Duchess of Bedford, the sixty-three-year-old "flying duchess," has a novel way of visiting her friends if they have big backyards. The Duchess just literally "drops in" on them from out of the sky. She recently took a cottage at Bosham, near Chichester, and often she flies to and from her country home to London. On several occasions she landed her plane in a field behind friends' homes when she intended to visit with them. The Duchess has her own pilot's licence.

MEN MORE POLITE

Census of Male and Female London Shop Opinion Awards Honor to Sterner Sex

Men are more polite shoppers than women is revealed through a census of opinion among London shop assistants of both sexes. Women shoppers, they say, often are rude, are much harder to please and seldom know what they want. They expect the sales person to help them make up their minds. Men, they state, know exactly what they want. They go into a shop, ask for it and get out quickly.

Tickling for Charity

The newest London way to get money for charity is to "tickle" it out of the public. Recently an East End Mission held a charity fair. A tickling competition was the feature of the sale. Entrants had to bare their feet and be tickled on the tender sole with a feather duster. The prize went to the one who didn't squirm.

Employers and Men Work in Harmony In Welfare Scheme

JOSEPH Jones, general secretary of the Yorkshire Miners' Association, speaking at Bodsworth, near Doncaster, on May 18 at the opening of the Miners' Welfare Hall, said that the co-operation of mine owners and the miners' leaders in working for the miners' welfare fund had been a success which might be emulated in the management of the mines. Mr. Jones said that under the welfare scheme, allocations to the various districts of the British coalfields had been made to a total of £5,763,786 and the administration expenses had not exceeded one per cent of the amount spent. That was the first job which the employers and men had tackled jointly and they had made a distinct and unqualified success of it. The same co-operation and good will, he believed, should be translated into the more serious business of conducting the coal industry.

HINDU SCOLDS OWN WEAKNESS

Mahatma Gandhi Bemoans His Aberration's Reaction on Disciples Who Display Worldly "Non-Co-opts"

SOMETHING WRONG IN SELF, SAYS SEER

Mahatma Gandhi, the Indian mystic and Home Rule leader, reveals that worldliness has invaded his own institution at Ahmedabad where his disciples practice extreme asceticism and "nonco-operation."

The lapses reported by the prophet involve even his own family. Gandhi takes upon his own shoulders the blame for these faults in a signed article published in his weekly newspaper, Navon Jivan.

Gandhi cites three cases in his story. The first is that of his own cousin who committed petty larcenies from time to time until he was discovered by chance. The offender has left the institution.

The second case concerns the mystic's own wife. Despite her vow of renunciation of private property, Gandhi says, his wife has twice been discovered in possession of small sums of money for her own use.

The third case Gandhi cites is that of a young man who disregarded his vow of celibacy.

"I hold these manifestations of corruption in the institution to be merely a reflection of something wrong in myself," Gandhi continues. "I have never claimed perfection for myself. Who knows how my aberrations in the realm of thought have reacted on the environment around me?

"The epithet 'Mahatma' (Great Soul) has always galled me and now it almost sounds to me like a term of abuse."

WHITSUN ETYMOLOGY

"Wytte and Wisdom" Believed to Be Brought to Mankind on Pentecost

There is a common but erroneous idea that Whitsun derived its name from the wearing of white garments by the newly baptized in the early days of Christianity in England, and the fact that it is spelled with an "h" in the new Prayer Book is lamented as perpetuating an etymological error. Originally Pentecost was called Wytsonday, "because the Holy Ghost brought wytte and wisdom into Christ's disciples and filled them full of ghostly wytte." As a sixteenth century chronicler wrote, "we ought to keep this as our Wytsonday because the law of God was then of the holy wyght of the Ghost deliured ghostly unious." Thus this is an apostolic tradition of the tongues transmogrified.

FOREST OF DEAN DIES

Famous Groves of Oaks Planted to Supply "Wooden Walls of Old England" Shriveling

What in earlier days might have been a great British Navy is dying north of here of a mysterious malady. It is the famous Forest of Dean, planted soon after the Napoleonic wars to provide oak for a greater fleet than the England of Nelson's time had seen. Now thousands of the great trees are shriveling, their trunks covered with moss and fungi. The planting seemed a splendid bit of foresight, but by the time the oaks were grown the armored fighting ship was beginning to crowd the frigate off the seas. So the trees were transformed instead into wagon scantlings. As they matured they were cut down about 300 acres a year and more of them planted to make more wagons.

Presents Wholesale

The choosing of birthday presents is an arduous task all the year round for Mrs Morante, aged 89 years, who lives near Newcastle. She has eleven children, seventy-eight grandchildren, 128 great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren.

LAMENT THE SAD FATE OF KEW BEADLES

Proposal Made to End Ancient and Honorable "Guardianship of Constable of Manor Court"

"BUMBLE MAJESTY" LARGELY UNKNOWN

London Paper Bemoans Reported Decision Following Incumbent's Desire for Simple Life

THE beadle of Kew is going. After a generation of service he seeks peace and retirement. It is no small thing to be beadle of Kew, for he is also headborough, constable of the manor court, and herdsman. Pooh-Bah himself had not duties more manifold. We would plead with all who sit in the seats of the mighty at Kew that this retiring veteran should not be the last of their beadles.

Our children are growing up without a sight of their beadle. In their innocence they think of him as a fabulous animal, like a dragon, or a pirate, or Mr Punch. The thrilling reality, the real live beadle "famoused for fight," with robe and cocked hat and decorated stave, is unknown to them, and the delicious creeping of the flesh which the Bumble majesty used to give our tender youth is a joy denied. We also miss our vanished beadle sorely. He alone brought into our drab civilian life the glories of a gaudy uniform. Let us not be told there are private, specialized beadles still abundant, beadles of livery guilds, beadles—though they spell themselves a different way—in the universities. These be mere honorific creatures, mace-bearers, poker-bearers; they have not the manner of doom. Consider him of Kew again. He had authority over flocks and herds, he could bid any man stand and "comprehend all vagrom men"; by virtue of his beadleship he would not only whip the naughty boys who talked in church, but attack sinners who broke the customs of the manor. Nay, more, he was headborough, which is to say he was borrowhead, borsholder, and tithing man. Should he become extinct?—Daily Telegraph.

TREASURE TROVE

K.C. Says Gems Found in Oysters Belong Neither to Buyer Nor Seller, But to Crown

A number of letters regarding the finding of pearls in oysters have appeared in the London press lately. It seems that such discoveries are not so rare as might be imagined, but one of the reasons they are seldom reported is the problem of ownership of the pearls. In one case a guest at a private dinner party was severely criticized for not offering his find to his host. In another instance a restaurant keeper successfully claimed a pearl found in a customer's oyster. His counsel pointed out that the customer had not yet paid his bill and so had not completed the purchase. A woman reader writes that her fishmonger surrendered a pearl he found when opening oysters she had bought, though he had tried to palm it unobserved! A K.C. gave his opinion that pearls found in oysters are legally treasure trove and the property of the Crown.

AERIAL STRUCK

Five in Room Slightly Injured When Lightning Destroys Radio Set

During a violent thunderstorm, lightning struck a wireless aerial at a house in Leighton Buzzard, causing a loud explosion and a dense cloud of smoke in a living-room where five people were present. A five-valve wireless set was wrecked and a plug of the high tension unit was blown into a garden. Seven windows of the house were blown out, two doors were smashed, one being ripped off its hinges, and furniture in the room was damaged. The occupier, Mrs. Griffin, her two sons and two girls were in the room, and Mrs Griffin was struck by a piece of broken glass. Apparently the aerial was consumed by lightning, as no trace of it could be found. Neighbors state that immediately before the explosion they saw a ball of fire over the house.

PECULIAR LITERATURE

London's Latest Cocktail Club Dispenses Seductive Drink, Sandwiches and Blank Books

"Sliggs" is a funny name for a funny place. It is London's new bookselling, cocktail, sandwich club. And the books are not ordinary! The two popular books are "What Men Know About Women," by F. E. Male, and "What Women Know About Men," by A. Male. Neither book, by the way, has any reading matter, the buyers being free to inscribe their own views on the blank pages.

May and August

He Loved His Wife and Home

By JACK LAIT

OCEANS of ink have been poured into the "May-December" stories. From that classic bokum blurb, "She's Only a Bird in a Gilded Cage," to the many plays and novels and learned brochures on the topic, the consensus is that white hair and pink cheeks do not blend as romantic corrolaries. I know a few cases that would knock his theory for a nip-up, but it's a pretty fair theory at that, as theories run.

But how about the, let us say, May and August unions, which not only are frequent and quite common, but which get negligible attention from the psychologists, monologists, philologists and others who love to put in their two cents worth on every ramification of human relations.

Take, let us say, a man of forty. He is at the apex of his life in every function—physically, mentally, spiritually—and probably financially. He has had a chance to be rated and to find a plane in life. He is able to support a wife, usually, or is proved impossible; much of the speculative hazard is eliminated.

He has seen and met many women, therefore the probabilities are that when he at last selects one for his life mate, it is not a whimsical or immature, or reckless choice. He has lost some of his illusions about the feminine species, and is, therefore, more tolerant and understanding. He is young enough to be a husband.

It is absurd to argue that a man of forty is, in normal circumstances, spent in any regard. He may have a suggestion of a pouch, possibly his hair is a bit sparse on top, and he may wear glasses to read through. But only a simpering simpleton girl would shudder at these badges of living, working and accomplishing.

As Old as He Feels

A MAN is as old as he feels, and a man of forty need not be a phenomenon to feel young, sprightly and vigorous. He has a frail background or has lived like a fool if he doesn't.

Of course, there is always that bugaboo about when he's sixty she'll be only forty. Well, after twenty years of married life, a man and woman can be happy no matter what disparity in their ages. Men of sixty are not feeble if they take care of themselves, and they can be romantic and gallant until eighty.

Nevertheless, when Sally da Mees said yes to Lorrilard Matchet, her friends, relatives and social elbow-rubbers shrugged their shoulders and furrowed their foreheads and humped their eyebrows.

Matchet was an unstanding, responsible, two-fisted, sure-footed citizen. He wasn't a cinder to the delicate eye, he knew no grey or missing hair, he stood well in the community, and his past was as snoop-proof as most men's.

Sally was a beauty, fresh from college. Her folks were prosperous, but several strata below Matchet's, both socially and financially. Papa de Mees was a trust official in a bank, perhaps in the $10,000-a-year class. Matchet was a manufacturer, well intrenched in his industry, a famous salesman and a shrewd executive.

He had never gone in for sports. Not that he lacked red corpuscles, but his disposition didn't run to outdoors stuff. He loved to read, to loaf, to relax. He worked vigorously all day, and in his recreation he sought peace, not exertion.

Moods and Manners

SALLY was quite conversant with his moods and manners. They had not leaped into marriage overnight. He had courted her for several months, and he was not the sort who would play-act, as fiercely as he loved and craved her. So she took him with an observance of his style.

They were duly joined, enjoyed a honeymoon abroad, and returned to a country house, which he had bought, there to spend the warm months.

He made the run in his car in less than a full hour, and was home to dinner nightly. That over, he loved to loll in his big chair with a magazine and a cigar until bedtime. Not that he locked himself up or insisted on solitude, but that was his favorite pastime between dining and retiring.

He was extremely affectionate to Sally, lavish with her in allowance and gifts, chivalrous and demonstrative.

But Sally was getting all wrapped up in the country club set that flourished and headquartered at the Rococo clubhouse, a mile or so off.

She had induced her husband to join. But after two or three boresome rubbers of bridge, sessions of inconsequential gossip, contacts with high-pressure playboys, who tried to sell him something or tout him to miraculous stock prospects, he drew a wry face each evening that Sally suggested running over there.

Loved Home Life

HE didn't refuse unremittingly, nor did he grumble incessantly. But he loved his home life, his reading, his ease and being alone with Sally. The clubhounds didn't interest him. He could dance, but he didn't care much for it. He knocked a golf ball around on Saturday afternoons, but he had no itch for the game. He rode occasionally, but he would rather have sat in.

They went to the theatre in town each week. On Sundays they attended church and visited Sally's folks in the city. Saturday evenings he gave to her without reserve—and she always chose the club. So that left him only four evenings open for his domestic surcease from hard work and harder amusement. And he thought that, since he was more than eager to share those four evenings with his own wife in his own home, she should be contented with their programme.

But she wasn't. For a time she yielded to him. But as she grew into the estate of being Mrs. Matchet, became accustomed to servants and jewels and costly clothes, she began to protest with increasing stress.

He told her repeatedly, gently, without an inflection of annoyance, that he gladly yielded to her exact selection on three nights of the week, and that she might give in to his the rest of the time, since his desires were respectable, normal, natural—and contemplated their mutual existence in serene and pleasant relations.

Disparity of Ages

SHE began to throw up to him the disparity in their ages.

Matchet said nothing in reply. But the reference burned him. He had heard plenty about it. His friends had twitted him more cruelly than they had thought or intended to. He, himself, thought he felt in the prime, had taken on husbandhood with some misgivings, because he, too, all his life had heard the traditional screed about birds in gilded cages.

He began to have doubts as to whether Sally really loved him.

Surely, if she did, she would want to be with him alone at least some of the few hours that a business man can spend with his wife, and would not feel the hungry urge all the time to have jazz, strangers, frivolous amusements. His wealth began to take on the significance of a threat. Would she have married him—would she had ever confessed she loved him—had he been poor or just in comfortable circumstances?

He knew that he would have adored and sought her had she been in rags. He knew that he wanted her always in his sight and within touch of his caressing hand. But was that her spirit toward him?

His skeptical fears began to pursue him downtown, during the hours when his famous concentration had never before wavered, even when he first fell in love. He began to turn his head sharply when they were together to seek a fleeting expression in her eyes when she was off guard.

She took in the whole meaning of his shot, leaned forward and pointed her finger at him.

Sally Irritated

THEN one evening, when he had settled into his lounging, Sally came into the room. She hopped up on the library table, settled her feet on a tabourette, and looked down at him. He let his magazine fall limply to the floor, and smiled up to her. But her mien drove his smile off. Sally was clearly irritated.

"What is it, honey?" he asked.

"You know what it is. It's this moping in the house night after night, when other young women of my age and set are around, having good times, being amused."

"Can't I keep you interested any more?" he asked.

"Oh, it isn't that. But I have no housework to do. We entertain in very little. You like to read and smoke and lazy here—and I hate to deprive you of your pleasure. But what about me?"

"You have your days——"

"Oh, who's around days? Anyone who is anyone is downtown——"

"The—h'm—women?"

"Well, the men—but that means the gang. What's interesting when the men are away? A hen bridge or a round of golf or a trot on horseback—but it's pretty vapid stuff."

"I see. I think I see."

"Oh, don't put in any significances that aren't intended. I like to dance, of course. That doesn't mean that the men, as individuals, attract or tempt me. But I enjoy dancing with them, talking with them. A strictly feminine high-ball party is as kicky as near beer, somehow.

"Now, I don't want to go alone. I want you to take me. But if you don't want to, I don't see why you should compel me to stick in night after night."

He sat forward with a jerk.

"You—you mean you want to go out—without me?"

"I want to go out—and you won't go with me."

"You would rather go out without me than remain in with me?"

She hesitated for one breath.

"Y—yes; if you put it that way," she answered.

He bit his lip. His head was spinning with many thoughts. Then he looked up sharply.

"Which man is it?" he demanded.

She took in the whole meaning of his shot, leaned forward and pointed her finger at him.

"That is an insult!"

"Which man is it?" he repeated.

Slams the Door

SHE gazed into his eyes, which were fixed. Then she slid off the table, walked rapidly from the room, and a few moments later he heard the slam of the outside door. Then the sound of his town car drawing up to the portico, the click of the body door, the grind of the gears, and the machine was off.

It was well past midnight when he heard the car returning. He had done little relaxing in the interim. He had paced and twitched his hands and knitted his brows and bitten his finger-nails.

As Sally entered she saw her husband, his hands in his pockets of his robe. He looked drawn and seemed to have aged in three hours. Her face was flushed and her body was fluttering. She turned her eyes from his and started to walk past him. But he arrested her with outstretched arm.

"Which man is it?" he demanded.

She looked back at him, defiant, afraid, but determined.

"Clark Arlo!" she answered.

Strong man that Matchet was, he felt himself tottering.

He had paid little heed to Arlo, a whipper-snapper broker's agent, a habitue of the club who made his living as a "mixer," and who had plenty of pep, approach and leisure. A notoriously expert dancer, a playboy, a bit of a ladies' man, Arlo was popular with the younger members and ignored by the more substantial ones.

"How—how far has it—gone?" he asked.

"Not very far. But he loves me and I—I like him."

"You—you told him that—and let him tell you the other?"

Been Together

"YES. We have been together at the club frequently daytimes, and——"

"So—others saw it, too. Not only double-crossed, but humiliated, too."

"Not as bad as that. There wouldn't have been any if you had devoted the time to me—or half of it—that belonged so religiously to your money-making and resting. I am young——"

"God! I know it!" shrieked Matchet.

"You knew it when you took me. You should have been prepared to treat me accordingly."

"Like Arlo, for instance?"

"Yes. Like Arlo. He has some fun in his system—some life."

"Some gin, principally."

"Not gin—youth. He's twenty-six."

For the first time since he had met Sally, Lorliiard Matchet lost his temper. He slapped her smartly across her mouth. She recoiled, her burning hand to her burning cheek.

"Get a divorce!" he screamed. "I will finance it. I will not contest it. I will give you a settlement . . . and all the bad luck I wish you is that you marry Arlo, that slick-haired, smooth-tongued, nimble-footed nincompoop."

And he stalked out of the room.

And it was carried out as he directed.

And Sally married Arlo.

And they are as happy as a couple of love-birds, dancing their feet off, gadding and sporting and playing.

Matchet has grown old, crabbed, mean.

Too bad to have to tell of it; but it's so.

"Muggins" Again Leads Way in Dangerous Climb Up Mount Arrowsmith

KEEPING up his reputation as the Mount Arrowsmith guide, "Muggins," the well-known Cameron Lake Chalet dog, escorted his first party of the year up Mount Arrowsmith, Sunday, May 12. The party, consisting of Miss M. Lindblom, of West Vancouver; Mr. Andrew S. Sibbald, of Saskatoon, and W. W. Stove, of Cameron Lake, did not make the progress they had wished to, but May 12 is a little too early in the year to attempt such a trip. However, those interested in mountain climbing, and especially in Mount Arrowsmith, will be glad to read the following extracts from an article in The Cairngorm Alpine Journal by Mr. J. A. Parker, of Aberdeen, Scotland, who did successfully make the trip last year on May 20, when he obtained some photographs of magnificent views.

In the course of my wanderings up the west coast of North America, from San Francisco to Skagway, in Alaska, I found myself in Vancouver, B.C., with a fortnight to spare. Casting about in a C.P.R. office for a tempting lure, I chanced to pick up a modest little "folder" advertising the charms of the Chalet on Cameron Lake in Vancouver Island, and, so to speak, just on the other side of the street, the Strait of Georgia. The said folder contained these fatal words, "Come and explore Mount Arrowsmith, a little climb of 5,976 feet, really not strenuous." Needless to say, I seized the bait greedily and crossed over the next day.

Cameron Lake I found to be a beautiful sheet of water set deep in the hills (in the midst of Vancouver Island), all of which are densely covered with primeval forest. The railway runs along the north shore of the lake, and the Chalet is a cosy little hotel erected by the C.P.R. in a delightful situation at its eastern end. In spite of Mount Arrowsmith being only "a little climb," I considered that a companion was advisable, even although I had been told in Vancouver that there was a good trail all the way up, and very fortunately a Mr. Stove, who is employed on the railway, offered to go up with me on Sunday, May 20, the only condition he made being that we should start not later than 5 o'clock in the morning, which looked rather ominous for a climb that was "not strenuous."

Hit the Trail

AND so at 4:55 o'clock on a perfect morning we sallied forth from the Chalet and hit the Arrowsmith Trail. On packing up we had found that three lunches had been set out; one for each of us and one (some choice bones) for the hotel dog in case we wished to take him with us. We took all three lunches but left the spaniel at home. The forest is, of course, for all practical purposes simply impenetrable, but the trail through it is quite good and led us up easily through magnificent forest scenery for thousands and thousands of feet. At about 3,500 feet patches of snow began to appear among the trees, and then finally as we neared the timber line the snow became continuous and we said good-bye to the trail. The snow was fairly firm and we made good progress towards the north summit, called the Hump, which was now well in view. The final ascent of this involved much step kicking up steep snow, and at 9:10 o'clock we reached the top (c. 5,250 feet). This is the usual end of the ascent of Mount Arrowsmith, and it commands a very fine view.

We, however, found that we were standing on the north arm of a rugged crest which circles round the western end of a profound valley in front of us, and on the far side of which rose the highest tops of the mountain. Halting only to take a photo of the summit we pushed off along the ridge. The first part was a rather unwelcome drop of about 500 feet down a very steep rock face which demanded care; but was not difficult as the rock was sound and there were abundant holds. Then, after a more or less level bit, we had to tackle a steep buttress which led up to the final crest of the mountain by way of a very steep snow slope, a steep snow arete, and, finally, some very steep rocks.

On Top of Crest

QUITE an interesting little bit of climbing and we got on to the top of the west end of the crest at 10:35, having thus been on the move for fully five and a half hours without any rests. By descending a little to the south we found water and wood and soon had a good fire and a billy of piping hot tea. While we were thus having our first lunch I asked Mr. Stove, "what about the bones that were intended for the dog," and he replied laconically, "I am the dog." The bones had been stripped.

Lunch over, we faced the next problem. We were a short way down the south face of the final crest of the mountain which led eastwards for about three-quarters of a mile to a snow peak, just to the south of which, and cut off from it by a small snow saddle, was a big knob of rock which was about fifty feet higher and was the actual summit. The side of this knob facing us was manifestly impossible, and the left-hand profile, very deep snow leading up to steeper and at one place overhanging rock, did not look at all inviting. Mr Stove now said that there was an easy way up just behind the skyline, and that while I went over and did the climb he would wait and watch me doing it. Very thoughtful and considerate on his part.

Easy Way Up

HOWEVER, off I went alone. The rock traverse across the south face of the mountain, to avoid two false tops, was very exposed in places, but I soon got across it and on to the actual ridge along which it was a simple walk on snow to the snow summit. This was right opposite the business side of the knob which now received my closest attention. In the first place, the "easy way up round the back" was a very forbidding precipice, and the only possible route was up the profile we had seen from our luncheon place. The lower part was a sharp snow arete butting up against some very steep and in places overhanging rock. A thin fixed rope hung down the face of the rock, and as it in places hung clear it was evident that the rope would require to be depended on a good deal. It was manifestly not a place to be tested, for the first time after the Winter, by a solitary climber. So I had just to be satisfied with the snow summit and the view from it, fortunately as afterwards transpired.

The view was magnificent, as Mount Arrowsmith is the highest mountain in this part of the Island, and the day was superb with perfect visibility. The features were the snow-clad mountains in the north end of the Island, and, across the Strait of Georgia, the peaks of the Cascade and Coast Ranges running from Mount Baker in the south to as far north as the eye could reach. And to the west a little bit of the Pacific. A glance at a map of British Columbia will show what this means.

A Narrow Escape

RETURNING I reached Mr. Stove in due course, and on sitting down beside him for a few minutes I noticed that the shaft of my ice axe was cracked right across about nine inches from the head! And with a very slight pressure it broke in two, which caused me furiously to think what might have happened had I tackled the final summit. There must have been an internal flaw in the shaft for a long time as dry rot was visible; but it could only have come to the surface a few minutes before I rejoined my companion. The axe was bought in 1894, and was not worn to any extent at the part of the shaft which broke.

Mr Stove very decently let me use his axe for the descent while he used the shaft of mine as a stick. We had no difficulty, as the rock simply demanded care, and the steep snow afforded us many glissades. The Hump was passed over at 2:30 and, descending rapidly into trees, we reached a rest shack about 3:15. Here we lit a fire and brewed a big billy of tea, and after a good meal we cleaned up the place, which it badly needed. The shack belongs, of course, to the C.P.R. and I presume that my companion considered that as a matter of duty he was bound to tidy it up. Our subsequent long descent by the trail through the forest was very fine indeed and we reached the Chalet at 6:55 o'clock well pleased with our long day of fourteen hours. The early start had been justified.

A Page For CHILDREN

The Richest Man in Town

And the Boy Who Lived Next Door

By MARION WATHEN FOX

ONE Sunday morning Billy White wakened very early. The sun was shining through the window. He jumped out of bed and scampered over to the window—yes, he was right! Mr. John Petrie, the man who lived next door, was there in the garden, and he wasn't digging or raking, or pulling weeds as he did on week-day mornings, but picking the flowers and making them into bouquets. Billy put his head out of the open window cupped his hands and called:

"May I come over, Mr. Petrie? May I come over, Mr. Petrie?"

Mr. Petrie nodded his head.

Billy scurried into his clothes and quietly slipped downstairs so as not to disturb the still sleeping family.

My, it was lovely out there in the big flower garden so early.

"How would you like to come with me today and help give away the flowers?" asked Mr. Petrie right away. "I promised to take you along some day, didn't I? Well, I'm going to the sick children's hospital this morning after I've made a few other visits, so this is the very morning for you to come."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Petrie, I'd love to go," and Billy clapped his hands with delight.

"Well, suppose you hurry and help me pick a big bunch of nasturtiums for an old lame man who lives all alone in one room. He likes them best because they used to grow along the walk at his old home in the country."

A Lovely Surprise

AS they were on their way to the nasturtium bed Mr. Petrie got a surprise. A lovely surprise. He threw up his hands in delight and exclaimed in a voice thrilling with joy:

"Oh! Oh! At last! At last!" and dropped to the ground beside some rose bushes. It almost seemed as though he had found a gold mine on the ground by the rose bushes.

"Billy, just look at this!" and in his delight he pulled Billy right down beside him. And Billy saw there among the green leaves the loveliest rosebud he had ever seen. It was rich, rich red and covered on the outside with a lovely greenish-yellow moss. The moss seemed a sort of lace over the closely wrapped crimson bud.

"Billy," exclaimed John Petrie, "I've been trying for years to raise moss roses and I've never succeeded. This bud is the very first bloom I've ever had on them. The boss at the office has been telling me I could never raise moss roses in this part of the world, but now I'll have the laugh on him. Isn't it the loveliest thing you ever say, Billy?"

As they went along to pick the nasturtiums Billy said:

"You won't give that bud away, will you, Mr. Petrie? You give all the rest away so you just ought to keep this for yourself, shouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir, I'll keep this for myself—I couldn't dream of letting this go."

When they had finished picking the nasturtiums they went together to pick some more sweet peas. So eager were they had to pass the moss rosebud and, of course, again they had to stop to admire it. Once or twice Billy was afraid Mr. Petrie was going to pick it, but was glad when he turned quickly away.

"It's your most precious flower, isn't it," said Billy, "so of course you ought to keep it for yourself, Mr. Petrie. Mother says you could make lots of money if you sold your flowers, Mr. Petrie, instead of just giving them away, and she says bookkeepers like you have to work awful hard in an old office and you don't get much pay for it, either, so that you're really quite poor. And my mother says, too, Mr. Petrie, that when you come home tired from the office at night, instead of resting like other people do, or going about having some fun, you go right out in the garden and work till dark, and get up long before other people in the morning—just so that you can have flowers to give to the sick and old and sad and poor. She says you must be tired on Sunday morning and want to sleep like other people, but Sunday morning you get up earliest of all to pick the flowers and fix them into bouquets—you give away an awful lot of flowers every Sunday, don't you, Mr. Petrie?"

Mr. Petrie just laughed at this and said:

"Your mother is a pretty fine woman, Billy," and then if he didn't leave right go of Billy's hand and hurry back to the rose bush and before Billy knew what was happening, reached right down and snipped off the moss rose bud. He rolled the end of its long stem carefully in damp paper and put it down there in the corner of the basket.

They made two or three visits with their flowers on the way to the hospital, and had visited two wards when at last they came to a private ward where little sick Florence lay, a little girl of about Billy's age who had been very badly hurt in an automobile accident, and the doctor feared she was going to die. The nurse told John Petrie:

"I think you might as well keep your flowers for someone else, Mr. Petrie, for she didn't notice a thing."

But Mr. Petrie took out a big bunch of lovely, sweet-smelling sweet peas—his very nicest bunch, and held them out to Florence.

"See what I brought you, Florence, from my garden. I picked them this morning when the dew was still on them—a lovely, lovely bunch of sweet peas."

Florence slowly, slowly opened her eyes, shook her head, and then closed them again and never seemed to notice the sweet peas.

Then Mr. Petrie tried her with the bouquet of pansies, but the result was the same.

Billy pulled at his coat and whispered:

"Try her with the moss rosebud."

So he took back the other flowers and laid the crimson rosebud with its rich covering of moss on the pillow beside Florence, saying softly:

Most Beautiful Flower

"I'VE had a garden for ten years and I never had a single flower come on my moss roses, but this lovely bud was there this morning and I came nearly keeping it for myself. I shouldn't wonder if it didn't grow just for Florence. Billy and I thought it the most beautiful flower in my whole garden."

Florence opened her eyes. She looked at the moss rosebud there on her pillow. She gave a little smile and reached out her hand and took the flower.

Two days later the doctor from the hospital phoned John Petrie, and said:

"Come up to the hospital tonight as soon as you come from the office. I've something for you and I want you to see Florence. Bring the little boy with you."

So, the very minute Mr. Petrie got home from the office he told Billy, and off they went.

The nurse took them at once to see Florence. The moss rosebud was in a little vase close by her cot. The little girl was awake and looking at the flower. The moment she saw Mr. Petrie and Billy she smiled and pointed to the flower.

"It's bigger than when you brought it," she said brightly. "It opens out some leaves every day and nurse says it will grow to be a rose after a while, so—so—I want to stay and watch it make itself into a rose. Will you take me to see your garden when—when I get better? Nurse told me what you do with your garden, and—and—I think it must be the nicest garden in the world."

Then she kissed both Billy and Mr. Petrie to thank them for the rosebud.

A Rosebud for the Gardener

THE doctor met them in the hall. He said: "I have a moss rosebud for you, Mr. Petrie. One that you can keep all your life. It is this:

"Your moss rosebud saved Florence's life. Yes, it did. Before it came we could not get her to take any interest in anything. She needed just that little bit of interest—wanting to live for something, to tide her over the critical time. We knew if we could keep her alive for these two days she would be all right—this rosebud would be over them. The moss rosebud did it."

Billy held Mr. Petrie's hand as they walked through the long hall and down the long stairs, they were not talking, but every now and then Billy squeezed the man's hand. At last he said, ever so softly:

"I guess you are glad now you didn't—keep the rose, aren't you, Mr. Petrie?"

And Mr. Petrie was so glad he hadn't kept the rose that he couldn't answer, but just squeezed Billy's hand back, and a big tear of joy rolled down his cheek.

"I guess mother will say now that you're the richest man in this whole town, Mr. Petrie. And mother is always right," answered Billy, understanding why Mr. Petrie had answered with only a squeeze.

Summer Song of the Strawberry Girl

It is Summer! It is Summer! How beautiful it looks!
There is sunshine on the old grey hills and sunshine on the brooks,
A singing bird on every bough, soft perfumes in the air,
A happy child on each young lip, and gladness everywhere.

O! is it not a pleasant thing to wander through the woods,
To look upon the painted flowers and watch the opening buds,
Or seated in the deep cool shade at some tall ash tree's root,
To fill my little basket with the sweet and scented fruit.

They tell me that my father's poor—that is no grief to me,
When such a blue and brilliant sky my upturned eye can see;
They tell me, too, that other girls can sports with toy and gem;
It may be so—and yet methinks I do not envy them.

When forth I go, upon my way a thousand toys are mine,
The clusters of dark violets, the wreathe of the wild vine;
My jewels are the primrose pale, the blindweed and the rose
And show me any courtly gem more beautiful than those

And then the fruit! the glowing fruit, how sweet the scent it breathes!
I love to see its crimson cheek rest on its bright green leaves—
Summer's own gift of luxury, in which the poor may share,
O Summer is a pleasant time, with all its sounds and sights.
Its dewy mornings, balmy eves and tranquil calm delights.
I sigh when first I see the leaves fall yellow on the plain,
And all the Winter long I sing—"Sweet Summer, come again."

—Mary Howitt.

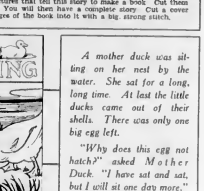
The Ugly Duckling's Story

By M. GENEVIEVE SILVESTER

MAKE-A-BOOK.—Save the twelve pictures that tell this story to make a book. Cut them out along the dotted lines on white paper. You will then have a complete story. Cut a cover from stiff paper, and sew the pages of the book into it with a big, strong stitch.

A mother duck was sitting on her nest by the water. She sat for a long, long time. At last the little ducks came out of their shells. There was only one big egg left.

"Why does this egg not hatch?" asked Mother Duck. "I have sat and sat, but I will sit one day more."



"Let me see it," said a duck who had come to see Mother Duck. "It is a turkey egg!" said she. "I would not hatch it. Turkeys cannot swim and they will give you a great deal of trouble."

"I will sit just one day more," said Mother Duck.

The old duck went away, Mother Duck went to her nest.

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A Good Turn Deserved Another—On a Fifty-Fifty Basis

BRANTFORD is the happy home of Col. Harry Cockshutt, manufacturer of farm implements, and former Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

"There I was born, there I live, and there I intend to die," declares Col. Cockshutt, but this does not mean that he does not occasionally make excursions far afield. He has traveled in Australia, Asia, New Zealand, Africa and most of Europe, as well as most thoroughly over this continent.

"I go wherever ploughs are used and can be sold," said Col. Cockshutt, recently. "That's my business, and I find that you can't go anywhere nowadays without running into Canadian products of some kind. You even meet with opposition in the most unexpected places.

"Some time ago I was in British East Africa, in what I certainly considered virgin territory for Canadian farm implements. Our automobile got stuck in a road three hundred miles from the nearest garage or repair shop, and it looked as if we would have to hoof it back to the railway station through heavy rain.

"By good luck another automobile came along and managed to pull us out of the mud after a hard tussle.

"I offered, somewhat diffidently, to pay the man for his trouble, but he waved the money aside.

"No thanks, sjangar," he said, with a gentle smile. "I've done you a good turn, and you can do me one as you go travelling through this country if you will tell the farmers you meet that you were hauled out of the mud by an agent of the Massey-Harris Company, of Toronto, Canada, makers of the best ploughs and farm implements on earth.

"I could have given him an argument about that," laughed Col. Cockshutt, "but I didn't feel like it after his kindness. It was like meeting an old friend from home, even though he was a business rival. So I told him who I was, and we agreed to split the territory between us. There was lots of it for both, and if he did as well as I did, he had every reason to be satisfied."

How Spiders Travel

MOST of us think that wings are needed for journeys in the air. Perhaps lessons were learned from the spiders by those who built the first aeroplanes. Some of these wonderful creatures can travel long distances through the air by means of silken threads.

The naturalist Comstock, speaking of the flying spiders, says that they are frequently very abundant, especially in warm autumn days. At such times innumerable threads can be seen streaming from fences, from bushes and the tips of stalks of grass or floating through the air. The flying spider climbs to some elevated point, which may be merely the tip of a stalk of grass and then, standing on the tips of his feet, lifts its body as high as it can and spins out a thread of silk. This thread is carried up and away by a current of air. When the thread is long enough the force of the air current on it is sufficient to buoy the spider up. It then lets go its hold with its feet and sails away. That these spiders travel long distances in this manner has been shown by the fact that they have been seen floating through the air far from land.

Watermarks in paper have been used for a long time to lend distinction to the product of a particular paper maker and for other purposes. One of the oldest, a circle surmounted by a tall cross, is found in documents dating back to the fourteenth century. Other old marks are the fleur-de-lys, the court jester, the huntsman's horn, the hand pointing to a five-pointed star and the tankard, well-known in papers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

General Jan Christiaan Smuts

South African Patriot, Statesman and Peacemaker

OF a big family in the western province of the Cape Colony, South Africa, there was born on May 24, 1870, a baby boy who was to become a remarkable man. His father and mother were Cape Dutch, and he and his four brothers and sisters spoke very little, if any, English either at home or at school.

Jannie was a delicate little fellow, yet almost as soon as he could walk his grandfather took him out into the field to hold the reins while he drove the team.

He was eight years old when the family moved to Klipfontein, a grain farm fifteen miles from the town of Riebeck West. The boy was now old enough to watch that the geese did not find their way into the grain fields. Not long after he was given charge of the pigs and then the goats. It must have been a pleasant change when the thoughtful lad was allowed to go to the pastures with the sheep. He would, perhaps, have time there to read the books he early learned to love.

Goes to School

CATTLE and horses had passed into his charge before at twelve years old, Jannie was sent to school in the village of Riebeck. He had learned to love his country home very dearly. He knew the country round with its mountains and fertile fields, its great oaks and fir trees and the flowers that covered the empty spaces. At school Jan learned very quickly. By the time he was sixteen he was in college and matriculated at eighteen.

His father, it is said, was not anxious for his son to become a scholar or a professional man. But Jan was not only able and industrious, but ambitious. A public-spirited gentleman named Ekden had founded a scholarship which enabled the winner to attend Cambridge University in England. Jan won this and several bursaries which enabled him to go on with his studies without much help from home. He studied law at Cambridge and distinguished himself as a student. Before leaving South Africa, young Smuts had shown ability as a writer, and at Cambridge he was a valued contributor to Christ College Magazine. This is the more remarkable because at home he had written in Dutch, and continued to do so after his return.

Home Again

JAN Smuts, now twenty-five years old, returned to South Africa and was soon practicing his profession as a lawyer. He had fallen in love with a clever and beautiful girl while at college and married her as soon as he could make a home for her. The years went on and when the South African War broke out Smuts was at his Transvaal. He, it is said, worked hard to prevent the war, but when it was declared, he joined his own people and under Botha became a general. Of course their little armies were beaten in the end, but the British leader told his countrymen long afterwards that Smuts had impressed him "far more than any opponent I have ever met with his power as a great commander and leader of men."

When the Boers at length submitted, General Smuts worked hard to make a loyal united people of his countrymen, both Dutch and English. In course of time all the colonies of South Africa formed a union, and after Botha General Smuts became premier. He had been trusted by the British Government in time of peace.

At the outbreak of the war there was a rebellion in South Africa. General Smuts was ready and Boers and De Wet were captured. Then the British sent him into the German territories to conquer them. General Smuts had learned how to lead his soldiers to conquest in the wilderness places, and before the war in Europe was over the Germans had lost their colonies in Africa.

The African leader was then invited to join the British War Cabinet and helped to bring the war to an end. He was a member and a very important one of the Peace Conference and helped to form the League of Nations. Neither then nor afterwards was General Smuts afraid to say what he believed to be the truth in that great assembly.

For some years General Hertzog has been Prime Minister of the South African Parliament. There is to be another election soon and Smuts hopes again to be Prime Minister.

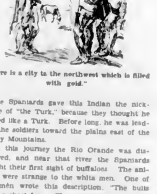
The little Dutch boy has grown to be a power in the world. He is still in the prime of life and an outdoor life has made him strong. As son, as husband and as father Jan Christiaan Smuts has shown his people how a man should live. He has said, "It is really the spirit of union of friendship, of comradeship among men that forms the strongest impelling force." That is as true in Victoria as on the other side of the world.

Uncle Ray's Own Corner

A Search for Golden Cities

The Spaniards See Buffaloes

CORONADO and his soldiers spent several months exploring the country near the "seven villages of Cibola." They found other villages, but no great cities. Perhaps they would have gone back to Mexico if an Indian from the plains had not come to them and said that he knew of a great city to the northeast where they could find all the gold they wanted.



"There is a city to the northwest which is filled with gold."

The Spaniards gave this Indian the nickname of "the Turk," because they thought he looked like a Turk. Before long, he was leading the soldiers toward the plains east of the Rocky Mountains.

On this journey the Rio Grande was discovered, and near that river the Spaniards caught their first sight of buffaloes. The animals were strange to the white men. One of the men wrote this description. "The bulls have a short face. The eyes stand out at the side, and they can see who is following them. They have long beards, like goats. The front part of their body has hair which is long and rough, like a lion's. They have a hump which is larger than a camel's. The horns are short and thick, and cannot be seen very much above the hair."

The Spaniards almost always spoke of the buffaloes as "hump-backed oxen," or "cows" or "bulls." After they had been in the plains for some months, they learned that buffaloes shed part of their hair in Spring.

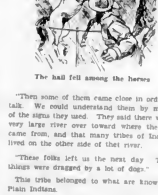
"They rub against the small trees," wrote a Spaniard, "to get their hair off. They keep this up until only the down is left. This makes them look like perfect lions. They have a short tail, with a bunch of hair at the end. When they run, they carry the tail straight up in the air. Their calves are red, like cows, but change their color when they get older."

The Spaniards were not far wrong in calling these strange animals "oxen," for the buffalo is really a cousin of the ox.

Indians of the Plains

AFTER pushing to the east for about two weeks, the Spaniards met a tribe of Indians who made their living by killing buffaloes. Describing these Indians, one of the white men said:

"They live in tents made from the skins of the cows. They travel around near the cows, killing them for food. When our men came near, they all stepped out of their tents to look at us.



The hail fell among the horses

"Then some of them came close in order to talk. We could understand them by means of the signs they used. They said there was a very large river over toward where the sun came from, and that many tribes of Indians lived on the other side of that river.

"These folks left us the next day. Their things were dragged by a lot of dogs."

This tribe belonged to what are known as Plain Indians.

A kind of "dog cart" was used by Indians of the plains long after the Spaniards came. It really could hardly be called a "cart," for it had no wheels. It was simply two large poles fastened together in a V shape. A dog harnessed at the front, dragged a load placed on the crosspieces.

While Coronado's army was resting in a small valley, a great hail storm arose, doing great damage. The hail fell among the horses and made some of them run away. It also ran through some of the tents which the Spaniards had set up, and broke many dishes.

The loss of the dishes was a heavy blow, because most of the Plain Indians were now in the habit of making clay bowls or jars, as did many other tribes, and there was small hope of obtaining another supply.

After the storm was over, the party began marching again toward the northeast. They still hoped to find a great city filled with gold, where they might obtain great wealth.

The King's Birthday

TOMORROW millions of people, old and young, in many parts of the world will, from their hearts, wish King George many happy returns of the day. His people have come to love him as few kings or emperors before him have been loved.

Not only in Great Britain, but in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India and the many colonies, will men, women and children keep the birthday of George V, King and Emperor, with love and reverence.

He is growing old now, and his serious illness has brought him nearer to his subjects. Yet since his early boyhood this grandson of the good Queen Victoria has visited many parts of the British Empire.

As most of you know, he was the second son of the Prince of Wales, afterwards Edward VII. He grew to manhood as a sailor. Entering the navy as a midshipman, Prince George was one of the crew of a man-of-war. He performed all the duties disagreeable as well as pleasant, that fell to his lot. When he was on shore he made friends of the young people he met. He played their games and shared their amusements.

In his early manhood his elder brother died and he became heir to the throne. One who has had many opportunities of learning the truth, tells us that he made himself familiar with the work and life and subjects in Great Britain and we know that, as Duke of York he and his wife went round the world. Many Victorians remember their visit to our city on a wonderful October day when your fathers and mothers were children.

The world has grown small since then and news of the life of the King has been flashed round the world. In all that has been published about him we see a brave, modest, kind-hearted and good man. In his long and very serious illness and slow recovery the King has shown to all an example of patience and cheerful fortitude.

Only a very few can know of the part the King of Great Britain plays in the guidance of the affairs of his vast Dominions, yet even children can believe that the greatest as well as the smallest of his duties are faithfully performed. Boys and girls will take time on this lovely June holiday to pray "God Save the King."

The Last Month of the Term

JUNE has come, the most glorious month of all the year. In our climate, birds and insects and flowers seem to rejoice as the sunny days pass. The early fruits ripen and add a new delight to the season. Not again will there be the same sweet freshness in the sun and foliage. No wonder poets have sung with each other in praising the lealy month of June. Nature is hard at work preparing for the harvest to come later in the year.

Here and girls are busy too. This is the last month of the school year. It is time to gather together the lessons you have been taught so that when the testing days come you will not be found wanting. There is no need for hurry, but the time calls for hard, steady work. It is the last long pull before you reach the top of the hill. Then—work, work, work! every one, big and little, and earn your holidays.

When We Get In With Nice People

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW
Illustrated by Armstrong Sperry

From Camden to Metropolis Was a Jump, But Irene and Laurence Kept Their Goal in Mind.

IRENE and Laurence Turner came to Metropolis from Camden. Their coming was a part of the pattern of their lives, as they wanted their lives to be. They had always been aware that Camden wasn't good enough for them.

"There's no one here who is our sort," they would tell each other, after some party they had honored by attending. "Some day we'll get in a real city. We'll entertain—go places—do things. No use sticking here. When we get in with nice people—"

Yes, they were superior to Camden. Not, of course, that the town was in any way foreign to them. Irene, in fact, had been born there, and Laurence had been born on his grandfather's farm, eight miles out on the pike—a farm that his grandfather had paid for by his own toil and on which he had worked long hours every day. But that was before Laurence's time. His grandfather had died and his father had inherited the farm, and, not liking farm work—he was as superior in the farm as his son became to Camden—he moved into town. The farm became the "country place," and Laurence was born there. As he grew older, and had to go out with his parents each Summer, he found that there were even worse places to live in than Camden. A farm!

Irene had never had a taste of farm life. Her father was a lawyer, only fairly prosperous, and given to long arguments and discussions. You could find him in his office nearly every day that court wasn't in session, talking oratorically to two or three friends.

The Moffetts

MRS. Moffett was a brisk little woman, with bright, round eyes. She never said a great deal, but didn't mind giving her real opinion, if you asked her. There were no sons in the Moffett family, but there were two other daughters, Grace and Emily, both older than Irene—pretty, complacent girls, who married young and went to housekeeping in broad-roofed bungalows on the outskirts of town. They owned shining new cars that stood in brand new garages back of the new bungalows when they weren't being used to take the men to business, or "the girls," for bridge or an afternoon of sewing. Each of Irene's sisters had two babies. They found nothing the matter with Camden.

Irene had known Laurence Turner all her life, but Laurence was four years older, which meant that he left high school the same year she entered, and had gone to a grammar school in another part of town, and had spent his vacations on the farm, so they were practically strangers. He had had two years at college, and had then gone to work in his father's office.

The thing that brought them together, from the first, was their disdain of Camden. They didn't call it that, of course, but they understood. They were quite sure that Camden was no place for them. They were intended for a city, for foreign travel.

They had a brief and uneventful courtship and a very pretty wedding. Mrs. Moffett gave a sigh of contentment even through her tears. All of her daughters nicely married and settled down! She had been sure enough of Grace and Emily, but Irene was different. She'd been afraid that, with her funny ideas—but here was Irene marrying nicely (sigh) in Camden!

Irene and Laurence rented a bungalow. "I wouldn't think of buying property in this town," Laurence told Irene. "Oh, you can sell, but I don't want to be tied down. Some of these days you and I are going to light out of here—no use wasting our lives here."

With Nice People

IRENE squeezed his hand, understandingly. "I know. Wait until we're in Metropolis . . . When we get in with nice people—"

They went to parties at the Blakes' and the Harrisons' and the Brewsters', at Grace's and Emily's and the country club. But what did any of these people know? Somewhere—their crowd—

Then Laurence, finally, "Listen, let's get out right away. No use waiting. We'll get in a rut here. Father'll raise the dickens, of course, but there's no help for it. I shan't be buried alive. What do you say?"

Irene said the idea was grand. What if Laurence didn't have a job in Metropolis? They had a little money saved up. A fellow with a college education, could always get something; there were big opportunities in a city— How silly to worry! Of course, now, while they were still young enough to enjoy themselves, they would meet people—make friends—before they started to get settled. Not that they'd ever let themselves "settle down" the way some folks did. But the friends you make when you are young are the ones you keep all your life, they told themselves.

Their friends were amazed at their decision. Irene and Laurence listened in their comments with silent amusement, though they couldn't keep from exchanging smiles of understanding.

They reached Metropolis on a cold day in January, a windy day, the streets full of dirty bits of paper, grey snow packed against the curbs. They went to an hotel that they had heard of, and found it more expensive than they had expected and not at all attractive, a small lobby, the usual hotel room furnished in bright red mahogany. They had a nice bath, though, and, after all, they had taken a room because of its convenient location; they wouldn't be in it much.

Quite Superior

IRENE had never been in Metropolis, but Laurence had been there with his father when he was nineteen. He felt quite superior to Irene, who knew the city only as she had read of it.

They spent a few days getting acquainted. They took bus rides, and marveled over the huge apartments buildings, and wondered if they would like living in an apartment. They'd take one later, as soon as they got—well, settled a little. They prepared to all the Public Library, whispered to each other as if they were in a hospital, and then, assured with a pretended carelessness into big hotels. Awfully expensive, those places! They'd eat there, after they were—when Laurence had a job, and they had some nice clothes. They hoped no one they wanted to know saw them in their funny Camden things. They didn't want to buy any clothes until they saw their way a little.

Armed with a dozen letters from Camden business men, who had various, though unfortunately not intimate, connections in Metropolis, Laurence visited the business district. He was willing to try anything—banking, selling bonds, real estate. But the business firms to which he applied were not crying out, it seemed, for young blood from Camden.

So he and Irene gave up their room at the hotel—expensive as it was all attractive, anyhow, and found a room in an old section of the city, inhabited by persons who pursued the arts. Irene, though she desired acquaintances above the level of starving artists and writers, thought it was a good place to get started. They'd be careful whom they met there.

Their new room showed a gallant attempt at decoration. Their landlady was explained that, if her grandfather had been cleverer, she would be the owner of the whole lower portion of Metropolis, and who frinned and dyed her hair more than was necessary for beauty, had "rebuilt" an old house into small "apartments." Their "apartment" consisted of one fairly large cubicle, full of an odd assortment of rocking-chairs, divans, and tables. You slept on the divans that were revealed as single beds when their Turkish covers were removed. There was a tiny kitchenette, and a bath without outside ventilation.

Restaurant Fare

IRENE and Laurence ate most of their meals in the near-by restaurants. It was cheaper to eat there, and, besides, you could learn about the city. They visited the High Hat, the Green Mouse, the Red Umbrella, the Lamp-Chimney, and a dozen other such places. They would nudge each other when interesting-looking individuals came in. They "just knew" that the people they saw were writers or artists or musicians. Maybe someone they had heard of! The people were rather poorly dressed—they admitted that. Oh, they wouldn't be satisfied to live in this section after they got settled. As an experiment it was awfully nice.

They heard a man say something about an article he had written, and were a bit thrilled over it. A real writer! Another man and a woman discussed a masked ball they had attended, and the man said "Yes, I went—Spanish. An awful crowd there—I didn't get home until seven o'clock." Not people they wanted to go with certainly—but then—

During the first few weeks no one spoke to them—though they felt they didn't care about meeting people. "Then a man got into conversation with them. He worked in a bookstore, it seemed, and wrote poems at night. One of the poems had been published a few months before, and their new acquaintance—his name was Hollis—took a yellowed copy of it out of a notebook and read it to them. Irene didn't quite know what it was about. A piece of free verse Hollis had written had been printed, too, and this, even more yellowed, torn, and rendered across the back, was produced and read aloud, too.

They visited the High Hat, the Green Mouse, the Red Umbrella, the Lamp-Chimney, and a dozen other such places . . . They "just knew" that the people they saw were writers or artists or musicians.

Then they met a girl who said her name was Dell Drimmer—"She had a hard time making that up," Laurence commented. Later Miss Drimmer hurried toward them if they passed a restaurant, where she was, and, though she spoke a great deal of her career and her freedom, she seemed a bit forgetful of her independence when the time came to pay her dinner check. Oh, well, they weren't so poor that they couldn't buy a cheap dinner for an interesting acquaintance.

Money Runs Low

BUT Laurence didn't find anything to do and their money started to run low. They didn't want to write home for more though they knew they could have got it. No, there had been too much talk about money before they came to Metropolis. So they began to live on a budget, Laurence insisting that in restaurants—bringing home little paper bags from neighboring delicatessen stores and hoarding a can of beans on the single burner in the kitchenette. They were surprised, sometimes, when Hollis or Dell Drimmer appeared. They tried to discourage them, but they both seemed perpetually hard up, and a free meal was a free meal.

"Don't worry," Laurence would say, after a delicatessen dinner, and after their uninvited guests had departed. "I'll get something fore long. I'm a college man—young—there are a thousand opportunities here. We'll get away from this hole and drop these leeches. We'll get a nice place to live—get in with nice people."

At each table, was a party of happy people. If they only knew some of them!

Laurence went again and again to the business acquaintances of his friends in Camden. There were no openings. He looked up an old college friend who had moved to Metropolis. The college friend was busy and uninterested. Laurence started reading the want ads, and on Sundays the floor of their one room was littered with newspapers. Then Laurence, at the unsteady desk, wrote innumerable letters beginning: "In answer to your advertisement, I believe that I have just the qualifications . . ."

When they were really starting to worry, Laurence got a job soliciting advertising.

"It's straight commission," he told Irene, "but, when I make good, I'll get a lot of money. It's my chance. You watch me show some of the Smart Alecks what I can do."

But for several months Laurence was not able to demonstrate his brilliancy. He made barely enough to pay for their room, their breakfast in the kitchenette and their dinners in the restaurants of the neighborhood.

Then he got another and better job. He bought carefully, her knowledge based on what she had read in the magazines before she came to Metropolis and on the furniture she had seen in the shops since she arrived. For the living-room, taupe over-stuffed furniture, with a few little tables for magazines and ashtrays and a day-bed—very stylish just then. For the bedroom, twin beds in walnut, and a chiffrobe with an intricate arrangement of trays and doors. The dining-room bloomed with Windsor chairs and a gateleg table—the last word in simplicity in the women's magazines.

The night the Turners left their old quarters, Hollis and Dell Drimmer came in to call—helping them absurdedly with the packing. After they had gone, Laurence said, "We've seen the last of them, all right. Now that we've got a start, we'll meet some people that really amount to something."

The Turners liked Lincoln Heights. There were dozens of clean markets and groceries, ornate moving-picture houses, little restaurants when you didn't feel like cooking. The restaurants were "classy" and served more memorable, but insignificant, courses at reasonable prices.

At first there was just enough money for the rent of the apartment and payments on the furniture and the economical purchases of clothes. Gradually, Laurence and Irene were able in shed their Camden raiment. When money became a little more plentiful, they went to the theatre, picking out the more obvious successes, musical comedies and revues, followed by supper at the less expensive restaurants they had heard about.

No Acquaintances

THEY made no acquaintances at all at this time. At first they did not feel the need of other people, and then they didn't know just how to go about getting acquainted. Besides, they didn't want to get in with their neighbors. Those neighbors now were merely young couples, each possessing several babies. Nice enough, but not folks you'd care to go about with socially.

There was no one in the office that Laurence cared to know outside of business hours. He had tried a bit eagerly to get better acquainted with one or two clients who seemed the sort who would make desirable acquaintances, but nothing came of it.

Then he and Irene got in touch with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blake, relatives of the Blakes in Camden. The Joseph Blakes once lived in Camden themselves. They invited Irene and Laurence to dinner; but the Turners found them extremely dull. They did not dance nor play bridge. They thought new music stupid and undignified, and Mr. Blake said "When I come home at night, I'm too tired to think of going any place." Nothing there.

They looked up the Griswolds, who also had lived in Camden, and found an oldish couple given to long conversations about their electric piano, and the annual putting up of the preserves. Why, you wouldn't even go with them if you lived in Camden! There must be thousands of young couples in Metropolis, college-bred, who were jolly and who went to parties and theatres, whom they would enjoy knowing—and who would like to know them, too.

Down From Gallery

THEY were enthusiastic over the theatre that first year in Lincoln Heights and were glad when money came in more freely and they were able to go down from the gallery to the balcony, and finally could afford to buy seats downstairs without the horrifyingly guilty feeling that they had when they had first gone to the theatre.

Irene met a Mrs. Rogers, who lived in an apartment a few doors from her and who had a Pekingese. Owning a Pekingese is one way of getting acquainted. Irene asked Mrs. Rogers to call and bring Mr. Rogers, and Mrs. Rogers asked Irene to call and bring Mr. Turner, but their acquaintance was never furthered.

As Laurence made more money, he and Irene became dissatisfied with Lincoln Heights. It was a long trip to the office. It took you half an hour to get home from the theatre. They could afford something better. Lincoln Heights had been alright for a while. But they knew now what social status Lincoln Heights occupied. Why, people who amounted to anything never lived there. After all, they hadn't a single acquaintance on Lincoln Heights. If they did meet people, they wouldn't want them to know they lived way out there or ever had lived there. Might as well get in a better neighborhood, so that when they got in with nice people—

They found an apartment in East End Avenue. It had six rooms and allowed them a guest room and a room for a maid. They kept the same furniture, but bought new things, too—an elaborate console-table with a mirror over it for the foyer hall, a chair for the living-room, and some brass andirons for the fireplace. It was supposed to be a real fireplace, but they never experimented with it. They bought grey enameled furniture, painted daintily with lavender morning glories, for the guest room, "in case anyone comes up from Camden." The maid's room and bath were off the kitchen and a line of maids appeared and disappeared until Irene found a girl who suited her.

Better Clothes

IRENE and Laurence were better clothes now, and Hilda became the possessor of the things that seemed so nice just after they had moved to Metropolis. Irene patronized the smarter shops and to see her step out of her apartment in the afternoon you would know she was going in a smart tea or a matinee. Laurence got a new dinner-coat, and the two of them discovered first nights at the theatre. What fun those first nights were! Irene would wear one of her newest evening gowns and Laurence his dinner-coat, and they would nudge each other and point to people whom they recognized.

"There! That's Bright Morning, the movie star," or "Look, Harold Stronghace, the actor whom we saw last week in 'Chase Greer,' or "There! I don't know her name, but I saw her picture in the Sunday paper—a debutante or an assistant in a charity ball or something."

Laurence changed his position. More money still. He met men in business, jolly fellows with whom he had frequent drinks. On several occasions he went to the theatre with a group of them or to dinner, but he and Irene were never invited en famille.

Metropolis was grand. A lovely place to live in. They wondered how they had ever stood living in Camden. That funny place Yes—well, it would be nice to know someone They wondered how other people got acquainted. Of course, you didn't want to meet the wrong kind of people—still, there must be some way. It wasn't any fun being always alone, just the two of them. At night they went to a neighborhood movie or to the theatre, or fell asleep reading books they had seen reviewed in the literary supplements. Irene found herself getting annoyed at little things Laurence did, and she knew Laurence felt the same way about her. They had a hundred needless quarrels, losing their tempers completely and forgetting, the next day, what they had quarrelled about.

Folks in Guest Room

JACK and Betty Harrison came up from Camden, and Irene and Laurence insisted that they stay with them. Nice in have folks in the guest room. Nice to have people like Betty and Jack the city. So Irene and Laurence took them in odd little restaurants, first night at the theatre. Irene and Betty went shopping, buying innumerable and unnecessary garments.

The Harrisons stayed for ten days. Yes, it was nice in have had them, but it meant running round, getting all tired out, and spending a lot of time and money. But even when they had all lived in Camden, Irene and Laurence had realized the Harrisons' lack of knowledge and sophistication. Now they were full of small-town ideas. They had explained over all the wrong things and wondered how Irene and Laurence were so satisfied, owned up in an apartment. They didn't get any sort of a thrill when celebrities were pointed out to them. On the whole, the Turners were glad when the Harrisons returned home.

Laurence was a lucky fellow. He realized that. During the next two years his salary and commissions were more than doubled. There was no use for them to live, well—so simply. Irene was quite sick of East End Avenue. Such funny people were moving there. Newly rich. Why, she and Laurence had college educations. They considered the suburbs, spoke to a dozen real estate agents, and inspected fifty houses. It might be nice—a little garden, a garage, a country club. But they didn't want the country. They had had enough of that in Camden. They hated the idea of a furnace to look after, of trains to catch, of living on a schedule. Of course, you do meet people in the suburbs, but what of it? In town'd know the people they wanted to know right in town.

Elaborate Apartment

AFTER some deliberation, they picked out a rather elaborate apartment in one of the brand new apartment buildings just off Lake Avenue. Expensive. Of course. Why not? They could afford it.

They bought a car, too, a rather good-looking limousine, and, because Irene was afraid in drive in traffic, they hired a chauffeur; otherwise, she knew she wouldn't get any use out of the car at all. The new apartment was most attractive. Irene went to an expensive-looking shop, where a sleek and good-looking young decorator helped her make the proper purchases. These were bought "on time," in a way, though you didn't call it that. They were so expensive that no one—unless you really had an awful lot of money—could pay for them all at once. The bills were sent in, and you paid a part every month until the things were paid for.

The apartment was done in Georgian English to correspond with the house itself. It had many French doors and rather good hardware. The mahogany had good lines, and the stuffs used for draperies were of rich material and color. This was something like it. Irene was enthusiastic from the first. Laurence though it all a bit formal, but he got used to it.

Now they were ready at last. They told themselves that they would have been premature, if they had tried to make friends when they moved in not owning the proper surroundings. Now they had the proper surroundings. Before this, they had made little suitre effort to get acquainted, feeling that friends would come to them in time. Now their search became a real part of their lives.

Laurence tried the experiment of inviting home some business friends in dinner. The friends would come, prove rather boring, and then go away, offering no entertainment in return. Irene smiled and spoke to several neighbors and found that they were not visibly eager in be friends.

Dreweys From Camden

THEY entertained the Dreweys from Camden and felt that the Dreweys were properly impressed by their manner of living—far above the way the Dreweys or anyone else they knew had ever lived. Well, they had shown them!

Their parents came in visit them occasionally and they dutifully took them to the theatres and restaurants. They were always a little glad after they had gone back home. Laurence's father was a plain, good man but not the kind you like to be seen with. Victor Moffett was still energetic and contented, full of long quotations. Mrs. Moffett was still bright-eyed and dowdy. Grace and Emily came upon occasional visits, but a bit envious of Irene and Laurence, but complacent as they had always been, telling of Camden parties and Camden events. "The Biggers are putting up a great big home on the old Seaton place, and all around there is being built up. You won't know the place when you come out for a visit."

"As if we'd ever go out in Camden for a visit," Irene would say to Laurence, after the guests had gone. "They must think we're as big frauds as they are. Metropolis is good enough for me. I'm perfectly satisfied with things just the way they are."

"So am I," said Laurence. "We've got things fixed just nearly the way we want them. I'd like in be able in save a little money, if I make more, next year. And, after we meet a nice crowd, get in with nice people—"

On New Year's eve they decided to attend a supper club that was just opening in mid-promenade. It was one of the smartest and most expensive places in town. They engaged a table weeks in advance.

"You can never tell what parties like that can develop into," Laurence told Irene.

They went to the theatre first and got in the supper club just a little before twelve. At each table was a party of happy people. If they only knew some of them! Why, at the

(Continued on Next Page)

Canadian War Stories Editor Was Through the Big Show

BEFORE undertaking to edit the new magazine, Canadian War Stories, at Chatham, Ontario, W Clayt Lamarsh took the precaution of going through the big show from start to finish. He enlisted in the Army Medical Corps early in August, 1914, and emerged in November, 1918, on the Italian front as lieutenant in the Royal Field Artillery. Between times his vivid letters gave the home folks some striking pictures of doings overseas.

W. C. LAMARSH

Right here, though, our biography cuts back to the year 1891. On March 10 of that year the gloom which had hung over the Lamarch household at the little Lake Erie port of Wheatley since Sir John Macdonald won the annexation election was dispelled by the advent of a prospective voter, who was promptly christened Wilfrid Clayton. At the Wheatley public school the future editor learned letters and baseball at about the same time. Later at Leamington High School the course was extended to include hockey, lacrosse and Rugby. Thus equipped "Clayt" Lamarch moved on to Chatham, where he introduced Rugby, played baseball, and studied law and politics in the office of the late H. L. Brackin, K.C..

"Thirteen has a peculiar significance for me," said Clayt Lamarsh the other day. "My regimental number—33,001—adds up to 13. I had bunk thirteen on the Laurentic coming across, and thought it bad luck then because some —— —— stole by only army issue shoes the first night and my watch the second. Yet I went through the whole show without a wound. Left Italy for demobilization on January 13, 1919, and arrived home on February 13. Incidentally I handled by first legal case, as a student, at Tilbury on June 13, 1913."

Significance, for him, attaches also to June 15. On June 15, 1915, he was in the battle of Givenchy when the "Fighting First" was so badly cut up that only 137 of all ranks next day answered the roll call. And on June 15, 1918, his battery was posted about seventy yards behind the front line on the Asiago Plateau in anticipation of an attack when the Austrians beat the Allies to it and pushed them back to the battery line. "We got the breech blocks out and held the enemy on that line, and the infantry went in and retook the front line next morning But it sure was a hot show"

Came October, 1918, Lamarch was on detached duty supporting the Royal Welsh. Headquarters was in a house about 100 yards from the Livenza River, on the further side of which the Austrians in force held a large apartment house. The bridge crossing the stream at this point had been demolished. A party of Italian engineer officers went forward while it was still light to locate a place to put across a pontoon bridge during the night. They hadn't traversed more than fifty feet when the Austrians opened up on them with a machine gun and one of the Italian officers went down The rest scampered back to shelter.

A British officer asked for volunteers to carry in the Italian. "He looked straight at me," said Lamarsh. "I wasn't anxious to win any crosses, wooden or otherwise." From the observation station upstairs the trench mortar officer had just got the range of the machine gun nest across the river, and had left the telephone. Lamarsh told the others not to leave the shelter of the house. Hurrying upstairs, he got the trench mortar battery, found they were still laying on the last target, and sent over a burst of eight.

That did the trick. The Italian officer was carried in without any molestation. Next morning Lamarsh, the first to cross the pontoon bridge, found the apartment house deserted. He found, too, that the trench mortar shells had accounted for twelve Austrian dead and one civilian—the advance having been so rapid that civilians still occupied the houses.

From the Livenza to the Tagliamento the Austrians made such excellent time that the Allies never regained touch with them till the day before the armistice, which on the Italian front came on November 3. So that to Lamarsh belongs the credit of firing the last shot on the Italian front.

Charles Seltzer, Writer, Uses "Blackstrap" as Bromo

CHARLES Alden Seltzer pours his stories directly into a typewriter, beginning each page with a line of unspaced stars. When at work he consumes chewing tobacco at the rate of one plug per day. He has three sons, all in the newspaper business; and two daughters, one of whom is a marvelous pianist. Mrs. Seltzer is among the best cooks in Ohio. Charley's idea of hard work is to push a lawn mower. He has made eight separate unsuccessful attempts to capitalise the laying hen. He learned to handle a shot gun shooting pullets for breakfast. Writing a novel, with him involves three months of unproductive reflection and two weeks of furious activity at the typewriter. His manuscripts are practically without a flaw. His frontier material was all gathered from the range. His hobby is collecting clocks, none of which keep the correct time. Height, six feet four inches; weight, 256 pounds. Has never been seen with a hat that looks as though it belonged to him.

A man had a very intelligent dog and used to give it a penny a day to go to the confectioner's for a bun for its lunch.

The dog seemed quite satisfied with this arrangement, until one day the man found it burying its penny in the garden.

This puzzled him, so much so that he went to the confectioners to make inquiries. There he found that the buns the dog had been buying were marked "Seven for Sixpence."

The dog was a Scotch Terrier.

A Famous Canadian Quartette

CANADIANS are quickly learning to enjoy the thrill that the expression "finest in the world" brings when tagged to anything distinctly Canadian.

One thinks of wheat, and nickel and railways, and a few other great things in the work-a-day world.

Here are four musical gentlemen whose little organization is probably the biggest thing in its class. For just five years they have been playing together Their names are Geza de Kresz, Harry Adaskin, Milton Blackstone and Boris Hambourg, and they constitute the Hart House String Quartette of Toronto. For years they have been admittedly one of the first four quartettes in the world. Following a recent tour of the musical centres of Eastern United States, a subtle shift in the opinion of the music wise has placed them, informally, but none the less securely, at the top of the list.

This Summer they will tour Europe—their season in Canada being virtually over. Furthermore, the British Broadcasting Association has offered them a contract to play a bit for the motherland. But they won't be long away. They are distinctly Canadian, for all that their scope is world-wide.

The quartette was formed in 1924, under the patronage of the Hon. Vincent Massey, whose aim was to create an organization competent to interpret the best classical compositions for the enjoyment, primarily, of Canadian audiences both urban and rural, and with this end in view, these four have indeed become strolling musicians—legitimate Canadian successors of the old-time wandering minstrels, for they have traveled literally scores of thousands of miles, missionaries of music to all parts of the Dominion.

Geza de Kresz, the first violin, had a narrow escape from becoming a lawyer. Born in Bucharest, Rumania, he had been raised with the law as an objective. Then he heard the great Yasye play the violin, and nothing could keep him from an artistic career. For some years he was in charge of the court music in Bucharest. Queen Carmen Sylva, mother-in-law of the present Queen Marie, was his patroness. In the Rumanian court de Kresz headed his own quartette.

Once the Crown Princess Marie—now

Queen—was lying almost on the point of death. Nothing would please her but performances by de Kresz's quartette. Physicians protested, the court was aghast, bot the princess insisted and the musicians played, and to the strains of the world's best chamber music the princess got well. To this day Queen Marie occasionally speaks of the time when doctors and musicians combined to save her life.

Boris Hambourg fought strenuously against a musical career. As a child in Moscow he lived near the store of the world-famous pastry cook, Filipoff. All his spending money went to the great Kilipoff in exchange for delicacies. When his father bought him a 'cello he practiced and wept at the same time. The tiny child wanted to be a pastry cook and gorge himself on exotic creations of flour and sugar.

Another hitherto untold story of the great 'cellist involves his younger brother Clement.

Clement, still in his twenties and already a pianist of considerable standing, had taken to wearing a flowing black tie and a velvet jacket. Boris teased him loftily. Then Clement announced that he was going to rebel against fashion. Winter was so cold that he was going to wear a cowl to protect his head and ears.

"You're mad!" Boris exclaimed, "They'll shoot you—they'll hang you."

Clement didn't get the cowl, and Boris with the rest of the quartette went out West on a concert tour. Clement received a wire from Boris in Winnipeg, complaining that his ears had been frozen. When Boris returned he happened to unpack his trunk in Clement's presence.

"And there," Clement tells, "was a cowl—a huge, furry cowl that an Eskimo would have loved. I laughed and said, 'What's that?' but Boris just frowned and said, 'Nothing, nothing,' and quickly covered it up with a pile of shirts."

Harry Adaskin came to Canada in infancy. His struggles for a musical education began at an early age. He was too poor to pay for lessons, but showed such phenomenal talent that Doctor Fisher, once head of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, arranged free tuition for him.

As a tiny boy, Milton Blackstone got in to hear concerts by running errands. His only ambition was to become a great musician. His people could not afford to pay for his lessons and send him to concerts, too, so little Milton hung about stage doors and cultivated the servants of the performers. He ran errands for the musicians, and when they offered him silver he asked for passes—and got them.

Once in a small town where the quartette was playing, a leading merchant approached Blackstone.

"Are you one of the players?" he asked. "Well, how would you like to have supper over at my house?" Amazed at this unconventionality, the musician pleaded a previous engagement, but the merchant was tenacious, and finally had his way. He provided a splendid meal and a good cigar.

And then came the "catch" in it. "Sonny," called the host to his ten-year-old boy, "go fetch your mouth organ." And for fifteen minutes Mr. Blackstone had to listen to "Turkey in the Straw" and other tunes more notable for liveliness than artistic merit, hopefully played on the harmonica by the infant prodigy.

"That boy," said the parent at the conclusion of the performance, "has music in him. He's a genius and I want him trained up right. I want you to take him back to the city and put him under a good harmonica teacher and give him a chance to make something of himself. Maybe some day he might play with you."

Emperor Hirohito of Japan Is Very Busy Man

HIROHITO, the young Emperor of Japan, supreme ruler of more than 80,000,000 subjects, has so little personal leisure and works so hard that it has become the concern of his governmental advisers and functionaries. But thus far no answer to the problem has been forthcoming. Hirohito insists upon keeping busy every moment.

EMPEROR HIROHITO

He is the 124th Emperor of Japan, and, according to the belief of his subjects, the lineal descendant of "Amateraus Omikami," the sun goddess, creator of the Empire of the Rising Sun. In other words the Emperor is traditionally omnipotent, sacred and not an ordinary mortal.

Hirohito is up every morning between 6:30 and 7 o'clock, in the Akasaka Palace, which is his residence while the Imperial Palace is being reconstructed. His first duty, after his ablutions, is to worship at the altar of his imperial ancestors. He is devout in this and never fails in the performance of the proper obeisance Then he goes to the dining-room and breakfasts with the Empress—the Japanese breakfast of soup, cold eggs, pickles and rice.

A domestic chat with the Empress and then Hirohito wades into his newspapers, not at the table, but in his study, where both foreign and Japanese papers are ready for him He reads English and digests New York and London papers as well as the vernacular He keeps thoroughly abreast of world affairs and modern subjects. An hour or so of this and the Emperor plunges into other study, concentrating principally upon the Imperial House Law, the constitution and English.

Two or three times each week Rear-Admiral Shinjiro Yamamoto, one of the foremost English students of the country, appears to give his ruler a lesson in English.

On other days he has lectures on Japanese history and economics. For these occasions the leading lights of the Imperial University are invited He keeps on learning about the past of his country, as well as its future possibilities. In this he is most interested and his instructors usually are subjected to pointed interrogatories.

Luncheon at 12 30 with the Empress, and this time the dishes are Western, steak or chops and edibles that he learned to like when he visited London as Crown Prince Early afternoon, golf or horseback riding to keep himself fit. He has a beautiful nine-hole course in the palace grounds and five courses, in all, on his different estates.

He occasionally plays tennis, too, with the Empress, who is an unusually good player, but he likes horseback riding best of all. He has about two score of beautiful riding horses in his stable. His favorite is a white stallion named Fubuki, meaning Snow Drift, which is as nearly human as a horse can be, according to household informants. Snow Drift has a special compartment in the royal stables

Hirohito has the radio in his palace and the "movies," too, when he wants them, but is far from being devoted to either. Apparently he is likewise not keen on the theatre.

As to religion, the Emperor believes neither in Buddhism nor Christianity. His religious concepts are centred in "ancestor worship," or transcendental religion. He first of all worships the sun goddess from which his line is mythologically descended, and, in addition, mythological deities.

The Emperor's dinner at 7:30 p.m. is the Japanese mode, with raw fish and rice. He retires at about 10:30 and tries to forget that there is another busy day ahead of him, a day that is not his own, but the empire's.

Not Necessary

Mr. Herbert C. Hoover, the new president of the United States, dearly loves a joke, but it must be brief and to the point. He remarked once that he prefers a joker of Smith's type.

"'One wife too many!'" exclaimed Mrs. Smith as she glanced through the newspaper headlines. "I will read that I suppose it is the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband without lifting his eyes from the paper.

It is obvious that Mr. Hoover will be like other American presidents, fond of telling a good story. Even the solemn-faced Abraham Lincoln was fond of cracking jokes.

Sandy McIntyre Took the Cure But Did Not Stay Cured

SANDY McINTYRE, the man who staked the great mine in the Porcupine District which bears his name, is known far and wide as a man who can drink anything from bay rum to Sloan's liniment.

SANDY McINTYRE

A rich, good-natured man came from Toronto. He chose Sandy as a guide to take him to the Argonaut Mines and was quite taken with the amazing youthfulness of the old man. When they got to their destination the Toronto man asked a friend of Sandy's whether it was true that Sandy drank terribly.

"Very true," replied Sandy's friend

"I'm interested in the Blank-Cure Institute," said the Toronto man. "Do you think it would do Sandy any good to put him there for a while?"

"Yes."

"Will he take it badly?"

"No, I don't think he'll take it amiss."

Sandy was approached.

"I'll gang doon." Sandy wanted a rest. "That's nice."

The Toronto man agreed to pay everything and Sandy got his cure for drunkenness and a good rest into the bargain. He was there for three months. Then he came back to Haileybury.

One of his cronies said to him: "What did you do when you came out, Sandy?"

"Weel, ye ken I was doon there in Toronto. There was a hotel across th' street. It had th' finest Johnny Walker. As soon as I got out of the hospital, I made a bee-line for the hotel."

"And what then, Sandy?"

"Mon," replied Sandy, smacking his lips in memory, "it was grawnd! It tasted grawnd!"

Welsh Wizard Again Sets Britain Afire

THE results of the British general election will, no doubt, give to either Ramsay MacDonald or Stanley Baldwin the world's most powerful office. Yet it can scarcely be said that either of these men is the central figure of interest in the current campaign That honor goes to none other than the little Welshman, David Lloyd George, long ago assigned to the political scrap-heap by many "experts." For while Ramsay MacDonald and Premier Baldwin are no more or less than the leaders of their respective forces, Lloyd George is more than a leader—he is the heart and driving force of his party.

The observer cannot hope to understand the present political situation in Britain if he fails to recall the main outline of events during the past decade, especially as they concern the fortunes of the Liberal party.

The 1918 election was, in a very real sense, the first Lloyd George election. He dominated the situation as completely, perhaps, as any man had ever done in the country's history. The people saw in him the incarnation of victory, the saviour of the Empire. His plea for a mandate to make peace and to heal the country's war wounds seemed to be unanswerable and irresistible. No greater opportunity, no greater responsibility, was ever given into British hands But the next four years brought bafflement, dissension, and finally collapse. In 1922 the Conservatives, secure in the knowledge that the glamor of the Prime minister had dimmed, that the people now saw in him no superman but one capable of failure and error, withdrew from the coalition. Lloyd George resigned and Bonar Law faced the country in a general election with a straight Conservative government.

But the breach between Mr Asquith and Lloyd George was still too serious to be forgotten. The old guard could not bring itself to forgive the latter for his "betrayal" of the former in 1916 And as a result the Liberal party went to the polls divided. The Independent (Asquithian) Liberals carried sixty seats, while the best the erstwhile idol of the country could do was fifty-five seats and less than a million and one-half votes In May, 1923, Stanley Baldwin, the protectionist, became premier And it was his "safeguarding of industries" policy that literally forced Asquith and Lloyd George into a pretense of reconciliation The 1923 protectionist election resulted in the downfall of that policy and the destruction of the Conservative majority They carried 258 seats, Labor 191, Liberals 158.

Lloyd George talks to his great unseen audiences.

Meeting the House, the Government was defeated and Ramsay MacDonald became Prime Minister on Liberal sufferance. The short career of that government, in reality a sort of coalition rather than a straight Socialist administration, is a familiar story. Every dangerous question that could possibly be so disposed was left to the "judgment of the House" But that could not continue indefinitely. Liberal support was finally withdrawn, and the government fell. In the resultant election (1924) it seemed as if the Liberal Party had been annihilated. Asquith, personally defeated, entered the Lords, and the internal dissensions of the party were, if anything, accentuated by adversity.

The huge Conservative majority (215) promised a long and untroubled Baldwin administration But the subsequent years have seen a steady, and to some inexplicable, decline in the government's prestige In 1928 Lloyd George again stepped into the limelight with his new land policy. This, though providing of course for the compensation of owners, was in short a proposal to nationalise all land The decimated party was still further reduced by this radical policy Mond crossed the floor of the House, though Asquith was cautious.

But in 1926 the breach between the official Liberal chief and his House leader seemed to widen again. Lloyd George came out flatly against the government's no-compromise attitude in the general strike, while Asquith supported the administration. The feud was now further complicated by discussion over party funds. The national organisation, still controlled by the Asquithians, was rather impoverished. But an independent fund, accumulated and controlled by Lloyd George, amounted to several million dollars. He offered to put this fund at the disposal of the party—under certain conditions. After bitter controversy his offer was accepted. The Liberal party had made its choice. The Earl of Oxford and Asquith resigned the chieftainship; and David Lloyd George, for the first time, became official leader of the Liberal party (1927) His worst enemies can scarcely deny that since then the party has gained ground steadily.

The present contest may fairly be named the second Lloyd George election, because again he is the central figure of public interest His unemployment policy has won favor. It has been said that, a Celt, he is able to believe in "short-cuts to the millennium" which an Englishman could never consider More cynical observers are inclined to hint that short-cuts not to the millennium but to power and office are chiefest desire of the little Welshman's heart. Those Liberals who cannot forget the 1916 coup maintain that he is an opportunist through and through, ready to sacrifice party to his own advancement. But if, in promoting his own interests, he incidentally leads the party out of the shadows into a place in the sun again, it is not to be supposed that the die-hard Asquithians will complain Outwardly at least, the last traces of party dissension have been swept away by the acceptance on the part of Lord Grey, long one of George's bitterest enemies, of the new policy.

So evenly matched are the two main parties in the coming election that there is a very strong possibility of the Liberal party holding the balance of power again in the new House If this be so, and if another election becomes necessary in the near future, there is no lack of those who predict that the British people tired of stale mate between the two extreme camps, would turn again to the party which gave them reform and democracy, and sweep the Liberals into undisputed power Such are the hopes of the man.

A British Columbia Tree Grows in Garden of Baroness Orczy

A YOUNG scarlet maple tree, sent to her by an admirer from British Columbia, is thriving in Baroness Orczy's lovely garden near the Casino in Monte Carlo. It is, the baroness believes, the only Canadian maple in that part of the world and she is naturally very proud of it, more especially as it is reached her on the same day on which her latest Canadian novel came off the press last year.

BARONESS ORCZY

Recently the baroness received a delicate compliment from South Africa. A lady who believes she has read every word ever written for publication by Baroness Orczy forwarded her a beautiful bouquet of white camellias packed in ice, with comprehensive directions as to how these were to have their stems cut so that their freshness would be retained for a long time.

"I appreciate the kindly tribute," the baroness wrote to her Canadian friend, "but I found it very difficult indeed to go into transports over white camellias, for I already have thousands blooming in profusion in my lovely garden at Villa Rose. Verily it has been said 'To them that hath shall be given!'"

When We Get in With Nice People

(Continued from Preceding Page)

next table to them—the very kind of people they wanted to meet! There was a man of about fifty, two younger men, three girls. The girls were all young and pretty and beautifully gowned. Irene wished something would happen so that these people would invite Laurence and her to join them. She looked at them and caught the eye of the oldest man, who held his glass up and seemed to be making an invisible toast with his lips. She returned it. Somebody called across the table to them, and, in ten minutes, Irene and Laurence found themselves at the other table.

What a nice evening it was! The party broke up at five o'clock and they all went to breakfast. The men exchanged cards and telephone numbers, and the women told Irene that they would telephone in a day or two

The men telephoned Laurence and the women telephoned Irene, as they had promised. Within a week Laurence and Irene found out that their new friends had decided that the Turners had money and wanted to help them spend it. It took several months—they didn't like to be rude—to get rid of these acquaintances. It was an experience. Something to laugh at, when they got in with nice people.

One night at the theatre they saw Hollis. He was sleek in new clothes, and Irene could scarcely believe he was the man they had known when they first came to Metropolis, until she heard a man call him by name and say: "Your play is going over with a bang, isn't it?" Was this the same Hollis who had written "Several of Them," the play they had seen just the week before? Irene caught Hollis' eye and smiled cordially. He returned her greeting coolly and walked away.

Without Decorator

LAURENCE made a new purchase, this time, without the help of the interior decorator. Irene was sick of the decorator, anyhow He had promised her so much—said he would take her to teas and introduce her to all sorts of people. He forgot all about her, after the apartment was decorated. She knew he would never approve of this last purchase and that rather pleased her. It was a huge cabinet phonograph of the latest type, liberally carved. Of course, they could have bought it at any time—though not such an expensive one. They had even had a little thought of getting it, somehow. Now it represented a definite triumph: it was one of the most expensive ones they could buy. They put a new jazz record on after dinner and danced to it. They felt they were good dancers; they hadn't let themselves get old and settled.

"Gee, but there's nothing as good as having music in the house," said Laurence. "Hasn't this machine got a clear sound? I want to get a radio, too. Guess I'll get one soon—get a good one—nothing like something first-class When you pay a lot for a thing, you usually get your money's worth. You know, Irene, we've got it pretty soft—the apartment, my job, the car, a chauffeur, nice clothes, good servants in the apartment, both got our health, still young—living in Metropolis. I guess we're getting all we want out of life. Look—this apartment's the greatest place in the world to entertain in—we can roll up these Oriental rugs here in the living-room and have a wonderful dance floor—serve a buffet supper in the dining-room. Great, I tell you, when we get in with some nice people—"

Australian Creature Is Mixture of Animal, Bird and Fish

ONE of the most extraordinary creatures in the world is the duck-billed platypus of Australia. Not quite as heavy as a rabbit he approximates in shape to a beaver, and like that animal he is amphibian Instead of possessing an ordinary mouth, he has a broad bill like that of a duck, though much more powerful. His legs are very short and his feet webbed. In the rear of each hind foot he possesses a spur, which is his only weapon, but it is a nasty one, and poison follows a scratch made by it. To make confusion worse confounded the extraordinary creature builds a nest in its burrows and the female lays eggs, hatches them out, and then suckles her young!

Dear Old Lady: "I was going to visit my sister at the seaside, but unfortunately I have lost her address, so would you kindly tell me the names of all your seaside stations—then perhaps I may remember!"

A River Combine---Professional

By
RAYMOND S. SPEARS

I DON'T know 'f I even told you about Stepping May or not. She came down the river awhile back in a clinker-built skiff. She was so blamed pretty it was a wonder they ever let her come down the banks onto old Mississip' at all; but theh she was, big as life—about five foot seven tall, and her lips straight and resentful, but her eyes twinkling. You see, a lady lots of times keeps her jaw set square when she'd rather be smiling two foot wide. Lots of men can't let a lady grin without thinkin' she's soft on 'em.

The first test I seen of Stepping May was along about Hickman, Kentucky, one of those mean, miserable days when the Autumn northers begin to whisper an' growl down out o' the ice cap mountains. Hadn't begun to rain yet, but hit was mean. I was into my green cabin boat which I bought off a feller who built it up the Alleghany in N'York State to trip down to N'Orleans, but found the Ohio so big he neveh had the grit to see old Mississip' at all. Theh I was, jes' plumb comfy, an' this blamed gal come along—pretty as a picture, an' jes' about as accommodating.

She hearn by fiddle talking along, so she pulled up an' hailed. I stepped outside, not thinkin' what I was doing, an' course, the minute that wind hit my warm fiddle strings, snap! An' I had two broken.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said, the way a girl does when she knows what she's talking about. "I didn't mean to do that!"

How a Man Feels

SHE was cold, her cheeks red, an' her hands reddish. You know how a man feels when he knows he ought to ask a lady something, but expects she'll sure miscue 'im. I had a good cabin, warm, two chairs—comfortable! I didn't know what to say, so she said hit herself. If only ladies'd speak first their feelings, hit'd be lots nicer, wouldn't it, for men? Lots an' lots of times a man passes up something he'd like to do, probably he'd oughta do, jes-account of him bein' 'fraid a lady'd be insulted, or like that.

"Mr Man," she said, her eyes sparkling, "I'm 'most froze to death! Won't yo' let me stand by yo' fire an' warm?"

Why, say, I just told that gal she could have my whole blamed shanty boat if hit'd 'commedate her any. She laughed, and come aboard, dropping a bowline on my bumper cleat, trailing the skiff alongside.

I give her my fiddling chair, but she took t'other one. We sat theh while she warmed her red hands an' I strung up my bow. When I 'gun to play, she turned her head to listen—sharp!

She listened so blamed int'rested I was wondering, for the music was "Caving Bends." Yo' know that piece, which started 'way back yonder, which all the riveh fiddlers has played just natural, till now everybody knows hit? Played right, yo' can hear the water suckling an' sawing along the bend, an' then the lumping-lumping down as the ground falls in, a tree swings out and falls a splashing, and all good music, which you can dance by.

"Oh, what's that?" she asked.

I knowed right away she wasn't a riveh gal, but like me, from up the banks, though more recent. So I told her "Caving Bends." Then I told her about some more river music: "Cyclone," "Crossing Ripples," "Steamboat," "Spring Birds," "Cold Winds," "Sandbar Whispers"—thah's a lot of those funny musics that jes' imitete the way the old Mississip' sounds one time an' another, which anybody could play if he's good at slidin' notes an' picking an' knows the riveh.

Dance Music

"RIVEH music!" she whispered. "Why—why, I didn't know they har music like that! You know—I dance!"

While I played "Crossing Ripples," she danced, too. Lawse, that gal was steppin'! I jes' looked at her. She was professional, I could see that—but more than professional, too, somehow. She had to 'dapt her stepping to the music, finding which was best, if shuffling and sliding or tep-tap or lifting and floating. Seemed like I played twict as good as I'd eveh played in my life before.

My cabin was six foot four high, an' there was about eight by ten foot square she could dance in; hit wasn't any too much, but she used all the floor an' most of the roof, so to speak. She'd dance a round or two, an' then she'd sit an' ask me questions. That was about the busiest afternoon I remember, and 'fore I knowed hit, night had come, closing down on the riveh like a door, taking me right by surprise!

"Oh, it's dark!" she cried, waking up.

I jumped out, give a look around, an' then pulled for the west bank. Lucky hit was the foot of a long bend, an' I anchored in the eddy at the head of the bar—I don't know which bar, either. Somewhere below Putney Bend, anyhow, an' she stood nervous and doubtful as she looked out into that black night.

"We better cook supper," I told her. "You've a tarpaulin so's you can sleep into your skiff?"

"Oh, yes!" she said. "I sleep into it."

Rain Threatens

I LIGHTED a big round burner lamp I had, and we stretched her tarpaulin oveh the hoops, for it seemed like rain was right theh. Then we cooked supper on my oil stove, she being mighty good at hot bread, while I ain't no slouch cooking meat. Course, I'm one of those people that always has a plenty to eat on board, even if I am a fiddler. I made good money. I'd come down the rivers just so I wouldn't be pestifered by neighbors and anybody, practising my music all day, an' all night, too, 'f I wanted to. We had a regular meal, which she ate of hearty, as I did, both being right hungry after all the work that afternoon—work we loved, but work, at that.

I wondered who this girl was, course. She was brave—Lordy, but it took nerve for her to come down that coiling old running lake if she didn't have to! But she wasn't the kind of a girl anybody asks questions of, free and easy. When she danced she found her skirt too tight, and slipped it off so casual and easy that in trying to run the music right I didn't really notice she was in knickerbockers till afterward. Course, professional people are thataway. In no time we knowed we'd be teaming it.

We both were tired after supper. I stirred up the soft coal I'd found in a tow barge wreck on a sandbar, opening up the front gates in the fireplace stove I had for a heater. She sat into a low rocking chair, and I kittering across from her in an old armchair I'd picked up in a drift pile. I'd relined my shanty cabin with building paper, but some curling wisps of cold circled around from the north wind so the fire felt mighty comfortable.

"How come hit you're a shanty boater?" she asked, quick as that.

A Man Don't Tell

COURSE, nobody asks questions like that down the rivers if you ain't off the bank, or one of them writin' fellers or a sneakin' detective. I couldn't answer first off. A man don't tell even a pretty girl some things, and I mout say, specially a pretty girl. I knewed, though, I'd tell her when I'd laid tongue to words quiet enough to use.

"Why," I answered, careless like, after a minute, "I jes' come down. I jes' took my fiddle an' come down—"

"No, you didn't!" She shook her head. "It wa'n't that-away. You know theory. You've taken lessons—real lessons, on the violin. Nobody who hadn't done that could play river music the way you do. Besides, you talk river talk like you learned it in school."

'Taint no use trying to fool some women. I never met one I could fool. That's be'n my experience. Perhaps some'rs there's women I could hoodwink, but they ain't on old Mississip'!

"Course, I'm from up the bank," I admitted. "I just tripped away down same's anybody."

"Same as anybody!" she nodded. "That's so —I came because I couldn't stand bein' a dancing girl in a hick town! And you?"

"Why—why—" You know how a man don't talk of some things when he has to, an' can't get out of it. "I couldn't stand being a fiddler in a hick town, when—when—"

Some Things Hurt

I COULDN'T say it. Some things hurt too much to say it.

"I know!" she said. "Somebody thought more of good business than of good music?"

"Jes' so!" I told her. "You know some girls, they don't want a fellow, a sweetheart, a husband that don't know nothing but music, sort of no 'count in the chamber of commerce and on Main Street."

"Yes, suh!" she nodded. "I'd no right to ask you. I wanted to know, I had to know. I could tell you was white, honest—the way a good man is when he thinks he's lost out. Musicians, artists, writers—big ones, but undiscovered—always feel they're mean an' trifling beside of good money makers. You're that-away!"

I hadn't never looked at hit before the way she put it. I jes' knowed I had a powerful big ache down around my heart, where I'd felt like a humming bird looking into a big rose in those old deys. Yes, suh. Now I saw that girl lookin' into the fire, her eyes full. She had a mighty powerful mouth and jaw, but she hadn't no way of controlling her eyes. They'd twinkle, and they'd fill up, the way they had, feeling sorry for me. I reckon just that one look I had at her face before that fire in the red light—I was obliged to save kerosene, an' she'd turned the light down, knowing it, even if I did have lots to eat on board. You see—well, of course a man picks up eats down the rivers—a shoat here, a yearling there; maybe some chicks and so on, besides game, if he's anyways slick and don't givadamn.

"Prenaux!" she said to me, the first I realized she knew my name. "I was sick of dancing in a hick town. You know those smart city kids, and those big-footed country goofs. They never saw me dance. All they saw was —was legs. So I came down the river! Prob'ly I was a fool, only I wasn't. No, indeed—The first thing, in less'n ten days I heard your music—"

"Down Old Mississip'"

THAT'S the way we found it down old Mississip'. Lots come down who don't neveh find what they aches for. Men trip down an' down, an' floats, rollin' along the bottom into the gulf at last. Women is that-away, too—young ones an' old ones. But I knowed a preacher once, who'd lost his hold, an' a business man who'd mixed in scandal, an' others what tried to lose themselves down the riveh—an' firstest they knowed the gates of happiness spread wide open for them.

Probably we understood each otheh that night as well as eveh we would. There wan't much talkin' an' explainin'. We jes' had hit in ouh hearts. She stepped back, swung the chair clear, an' stepped four or five measures without any music but the voices of the riveh dark—which she heard, an' I heard. She opened the bow door, bowed a pretty curtsy to me, an' shut the wind out the cabin. I caught up a lantern to hand to her, but she had one of her own under the skiff tarpaulin hood. Lawse, but that were a cozy eddy that night!

Well, suh, next dey we had breakfast togetheh. She read some music I had, all kinds that I'd picked up for my fiddling. Course, when I came on the riveh, if music wasn't classic I sort of despised hit. But I'd been growing careless. I'd took to admiring the music river fiddlers played, some of it awful to listen to, but always, two three measures, perhaps one piece would be right out of the river's heart. I'd learn that piece. I'd maybe have to smooth it up, for my ear, account of somebody not knowing how to run the times together, or maybe breaking the refrains or splitting up the melodies the way mountain fiddlers do.

The Old Fiddle

AN' when we'd settled out breakfasts, resting around, I brought out the old fiddle to tighten up and tune the strings, an' she stepped, exercising to take out the kinks the cold an' sleeping on the bottom of her skiff'd hooked into her knees an' joints. An' her dancin' scales was purtier 'n some steppin' of lots of heel-an'-toe folks.

May Gardner was sure wonderful, even in those days, and patient. If some step bothered her, she'd work at it, steady, minutes, hours till she had it to the lift and fall of a ripple, while I played the music she wanted, steady, oveh an' oveh again. I hadn't practised so much as I'd played. I used to let some hard places go. She made me go at those measures till my fingers and my bow'd walk through them, same as her dancing went through the swing, turn and change, the balance and the mark, the beat and the sway— Lawse man! Hit wa'n't no work for me, but she'd toil along till she dropped into a chair, plumb wore out.

"Lucien!" she exclaimed, "you're so good to me. You don't know what it means—this chance to practise thisaway!"

You'd think one day was like anotheh, down the reaches and bends. We had to drop down pretty well, account of Winter coming on. I remember when the fresh meat was gone, and we was down to sowbelly and corn, for I'd neglected providing. We hadn't any money. I was looking along for a flock of shoats on a bar, or maybe a steer caved down at a riveh bank; you know what I mean. I'd be'n on the riveh so long, staying my appetite thataway, never careless or being caught, that prob'ly I didn't rightly think about hit, the way I should of. I told her I'd have to lift a pig.

Rather Starve Than Steal

"LUCIEN Prenaux!" she turned on me, hard and set. "You sha'n't!" We had hit out. She'd rather starve 'n steal, she said, and I hadn't. She had her way. Course, one way it wa'n't none of her business how I found my grub. We weren't nothin' to each other, 'ceptin' we was professional partners. But in a way, we were eatin' together, floatin' down together, an' you mout say, tol'ably close together—if we hadn't be'n, her an' my boat tied together, we'd be'n miles apart, cut away by the current. So we jawed two three days, me not graftin' any meat, an' she arguin' there must be some honest way.

Yes, suh! Theh we was broke. I hadn't a cent. She hadn't any money. She went uptown in Mendova, an' came back smilin'. I was dog-gone hungry, an' she'd lost weight, practisin' on an empty stomach. She let her lips smile, when her eyes twinkled to me.

"We get five dollars for a turn into Palura's!" she told me.

Course it was her steppin', about four fifty for that, an' fifty cents for me. I'd never had the nerve to play for the public thatewey, but she made me. We done a turn that night on Palura's stage. He was a flat-face feller, who'd killed three four men, an' his place was a show for everybody from N'Orleans to St Louis.

Satin Knickerbockers

I FELT mighty swell when I sat in the corner, an' she came walkin' down in those white satin knickerbockers she'd put on special. I was jes' in my old pants, for I hadn't eny other, an' a woolen shirt. I played for her to come a walking. Lawse! She'd jes' had them old knickers practising. Now she was like a white rose grown up around a pink rose, for she was white an' pink dressed—and step? Seemed just like she'd practised till now she was right.

Yes, suh! She was like a chimney swift flying, like a tall tree leaning before a strong wind, like the running waves on the flowing riveh—she just danced as natural as anything pretty you all eveh saw in motion, and not one step that wasn't beautiful. She danced fourteen minutes—that's how long it takes to play "Crossing Ripples" the way I do it, an' she faded out on it the way the riveh runs down a crossing into the fog, or night in a fast, bright sunset.

Yes, suh! Those people, up the bankers an' steamboaters, didn't make a sound or motion till long afteh I'd took down my fiddle an' was tightening up the E string. Seemed like the best we had to do wa'n't nothing to them. I felt like it wa'n't no use. I wanted to take May in my arms an 'tell her we didn't cyar a whoopin' damn what they thought—then—slam!

Yes, suh! Those quality folks, who was spreein' down to Palura's, come down on the floor with both feet, an' split their gloves or stung their palms. I'd be'n afeared maybe Palura'd welch on that five dollars an' we'd be hongry. Instead of that, when we was back in, he come an' handed May a twenty-dollar note, an' me the same. Forty dollars! I looked at hit. Seemed like it was a mistake—me twenty dollars! Just for fiddlin' thet riveh piece.

Out on Stage Again

"DEAR old boy! Dear old boy!" she exclaimed. "Let's have that 'Flying Swans' piece!"

'Tain't much of a piece. Watching the black geese, an' whooping cranes, an' brent an' Canadian geese flying by away up in the blue sky, their wings flashing in the sunshine, I'd—well, kind of set their motion to music. She always liked that piece. Course, no man can really set birds a-flyin' to music. Not Chopin, or Beethoven, or Wagner—not anybody. But I'd made kind of a pitiful little stagger at it, which she loved, account of how much she thought of me. You know the way women is—anything somebody they like does is sorta int'restin' to them.

So I played what she said. I couldn't think of nothin' else. So she danced, which took their attention what I was playing—and watching her, you know, she carried my music right along! I almost forgot I was pleying. Yes, suh—she flew down the stage like great white swans fly down the line traveling out of the north, white, strong, shimmering. Lawse! Lawse! Seemed just like those quality folks sporting in Palura's inspired her to dance. An' I felt an ache in my heart, yes suh!

A Beautiful Woman

YOU know how a man feels about a beautiful woman. He wants her to know how much he admires her. He wants to put at her feet all that he's got, all that he eveh can be in God's world. He'd put down his bleeding heart, with all its aches, for her to walk on; an' the pain of hit'd be the greatest joy that he'd eveh known! All that kind of stuff—you know what I mean. An' he knows he cain't he'p her none. He cain't make her no better than he can he'p an oriole to sing, or an American lotus blossom to be lovely. All he can do is jes' wish he mout he'p some. An' then his heart aches, for all he'd like to do—an' afteh all, it's somebody else that can he'p her. Theh those folks was—an' she danced like she'd neveh danced before, for them.

An' afteh hit was all oveh, those quality men came a walking up, a bowing in their dress suits, an' the women who'd split their gloves came up, and account of there bein' such a crowd around May they come to me, to talk, and tell me how nice it all was, May's dancing. And I stood there in those old clothes of mine, feelin' like the shanty-boater I was.

Theh was one feller there, he came from the op'ry house, an awful swell, dressed right up to the handle. He took May off, by herself, an' she called me in, too. I wondered about that, but seems he wanted her to come up an' dance on his stage, too. Palura he cussed and squabbled around about it, argying. 'Fore we knowed it we had quite a job, May an' me did.

We walked down Ferry Street to our boats, which we'd left with Jim Horseshoe, at the landing. She come on board my boat, to warm, for the night was fresh, walking down. She danced, in the cold it chilled her; I hated to think of her going out into that chilly rag shack over her skiff.

"You'll catch cold!" I told her. "All het up, thisaway!"

Funny Little Chuckle

SHE looked at me, first into one eye, then into the otheh, with both her eyes. By an' by she laughed a low, funny little chuckle.

"You dear boy!" she said, jes' like that. "Just to please you—I'll take your bed tonight!"

So I went out into her skiff, mighty glad she'd have that comfy cabin to sleep in.

Next night we played, regular in the theatre. May caught the crowd. They throwed bouquets at her, an' we was called the "River Number," just like that. Her dancing to my music was "wonderful entertainment," they said in the newspapers. In a month we'd saved about six hundred dollars.

I wasn't happy any more. If I'd come off down the rivers, account of my being just a fiddler, and the girl I thought so much of back there shook me for a fellow making twenty dollars a week—she hadn't any voice, she couldn't dance, an' wa'n't nothing but pretty—now I was ready to go back up the bank. The way folks crowded around May, coming back, to see her—and to ask me about her, men an' woman!

Oh, I knowed I loved her! One woman come to me, a swell-looking woman, wearing jewels an' clothes all shimmering and perfume. She told me my music was perfectly wonderful—taffy like that. I knowed what she was driving at. It wa'n't no time than she was asking about May.

"Your wife's a wonderful dancer!" she told me. "How your music does inspire her! It is the most inspiring music I ever heard!"

"My wife?" I looked at her. "Why, lady, that girl wouldn't marry me. I'm jes' a fiddlin' shanty-boater. She's a stepper."

"Not married!" this woman exclaimed. "But—but—oh—yes! I've heard on the river— I suppose she wouldn't— How honorable of you to put it that way!"

Two Professional People

SHE sniffed—at May! Course, I hadn't thought anything before. We were jes' two professional people. There wasn't any real violinist May could find, no real musician, so she'd put up with me. Lots of geniuses is thataway, putting up and geting along with what they have, not complaining or anything.

"Who's that woman you were talking to?" May asked me afterward.

"Why, I don't know—one of those uptown women—"

"Oh—was it?"

I knowed right away that May knew I'd blundered, saying something. I hadn't thought anything about May! She was awful quiet, along. There was a tall, handsome man come to her, with flowers, saying it, as they tell around. I sure despised that up-the-banker. He wa'n't fitting for May. The bestest man in the world wasn't fit for her. He come to me at once. He wanted to know if May wasn't my wife? I told him, the same as I would anybody, how it was. We were only professional people.

Those were mightly lonesome days for me. Seemed just like May an' me was being tore apart, stretching the aching strings of my heart. Course, I jes' knowed hit didn't matter to her. She was thinkin' about her dancing. She was busy having new clothes made and was studying the new life that was opening up to her.

"Lucien!" she told me one day, down on the boat. "Just think—the world wants us!"

"Us!" I laughed, but it hurt. "Hit's you!"

Quick, Birdlike Look

SHE gave me one of those quick, birdlike looks as though I was plumb ridiculous. I knowed I was, too, or she wouldn't be making fun of me, as if I was much more'n jes' somebody to mark time for her. She could dance to "Patting Juba," making it sound like the "River Voices" when old Joe Palmer plays hit.

I had some jobs fiddling at private houses, ten, twenty, fifty dollars they'd pay me. They paid May five hundred dollars one night to dance at a business men's dinner, on the table. She came down to the boat crying mad. I don't know what happened. She scolded me, rearing right down on me.

"Don't you know what I want?" she told me. "Don't you see what they think? Oh, you poor idiot—have I got to say it?"

"Say what?" I asked, an' then she reared at me. She'd been awful patient with me, one time and another. I couldn't always he'p showin' her what I thought, even if it was insulting for me to love her. I just couldn't bring myse'f to ask her to marry me, account of when you do that to a girl she's always sorry for you, n' she promises to be your sister an' don't know you the next time you meet her.

Just a Picture Left

IF I asked her to marry me, course, she'd cut loose, prob'ly go uptown, an' all that'd be left for me would be to trip off down the river, with just her picture on my heart, a picture burned in deep, beautiful, but a scar as big as a Texas brand. I didn't feel like I could ever stand a hurt like that—the hurt of losing her, never seein' May again, not her dancing, nor her eyes brimming with laughter and sympathy—and her lips that smiled free for me, until she begun to dance, and we needn't to wonder if we'd have enough for breakfast the next morning to eat.

That woman I was telling about come down to the ferry in her automobile one day. May'd gone uptown, so she asked Jim Horseshoe to come up the bayou to bring me down. I come down, course, so she took me with her account of May not being there, she said, my music being good, if there wasn't anybody to dance but her.

She was an awful high-toned woman, an' you know she wanted to dance herself, trying the riveh music. So I played for her. Course, if you dance riveh music, you got to know the riveh—know the rocking of the boat in the eddies an' the swing of the current. But this Alice Haven was quite a stepper at that. She said my music just carried her right along. She danced bold, though, not the way May did. Course, she was a good flinger an' had a little kick to her that was graceful—but she didn't have to be professional. She was rich. And when she was tired, she come and laid her head on my shoulder for a breathing spell. That kind of thing neveh made any man feel bad, course. But the way May acted when this Alice Haven brought me back in her car like a cabin boat!

"She's trying to break up our combination!" May said, talking more spiteful than I ever did get to hear her talk before.

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She came down to the boat crying mad. I don't know what happened. She scolded me, rearing right down on me.

There Is No Such Animal

By R. C. READE
Illustrated by Guy Rutter

ANOTHER myth has been exploded. It is the mirthful myth of the "collegiate" type of college student.

Everyone who looks at the covers of humorous papers or attends the movies knows the typical college boy. He has a broken down flivver covered with quaint slogans Rain or shine he wears a raincoat all scrawled with pen and ink drawings. He always has a bottle of synthetic gin sticking out of his hip-pocket.

He is as innocent of literary or artistic culture as an egg is of hair. He lives in a room profusely decorated with cigarette butts, "no parking" and "keep off the grass" signs. With his side kick, the typical college girl, he holds wild revels in roadhouses and frat houses. His one virtue is that he is always ready to die for dear old Alma Mater, preferably by drinking himself to death.

The whoopee co-ed is even better known than her rah-rah boy friend When she is at the top of her form she easily ousts him from the limelight. As proof that she has "It" abundantly she wears a necklace of frat pins. She is a madcap who is all kneecap. Her dress is almost as devoid of skirts as a two-piece bathing suit. Her own socks are rolled to her ankles and she can win any football game simply by bursting into the men's dressing-room at half-time and urging the boys to pull up their socks.

She can pass any examination she pleases by vamping the professor. The older the prof. is the more thoroughly she vamps him. She is a campus Cleopatra, a collegiate Clara Bow. She is a greater cigarette girl than Carmen. Her favorite pastime is "necking." And her classical culture is so intense that she thinks Pompeii is the place where face cream was invented.

Hollywood's Hoax

WELL, it seems that Hollywood has been hoaxing us, the newspaper columnists have been pulling our legs, the vaudeville artists have been concocting college skits that are nothing but college libels. There is no such animal as the typical college boy or the even more typical college girl.

At a recent conference of deans of colleges in Washington Dean Henry Grettan Doyle exploded what he called "the collegiate myth." He did it by reading the results of a questionnaire which he had sent to 400 other academic deans. Being the university most intimately in a disciplinary way in contact with students, they are experts on college behaviorism. When asked if they had any Harold Lloyds or Clara Bows on their campus they one and all answered "No."

The Dean of Illinois University replied: "The student in the humorous press and on the vaudeville stage is not the real student any more than the mother-in-law of the professional jokesters is the real mother-in-law."

The Dean of Western Reserve University said "The 'collegiate' of the film and comic column is a caricature as unreal as the stage Irishman"

The Dean of Yale opined: "There has been a great deal of exaggeration in many of the statements regarding the undergraduate of today, and the humorous papers edited by the boys themselves give that exaggeration impetus."

The University of Oregon viewed this exaggeration less philosophically than Yale. It said indignantly: "The movies are doing damage to colleges by their over emphasis on minor mannerisms. Young people see them and think college life is one grand scramble, ruffianism and carousal, whereas the general trend of Oregon students is toward decency, high ideals and better manhood and womanhood."

"Shameless Calumnies"

THE University of Nebraska denounced "the radio and a gossiping, whispering, uninformed public" for shameless calumnies on colleges. Willamette University was equally censorious of the cartoonists and quipsters who, with no concern for the truth, tried to coin scholars into dollars.

Its dean said: "Student dress is depicted as of enormous proportions or shameless scantiness Escape from work, participation in the gay life are given as his only concern. But does the cartoonist know the student? By no means. He is simply giving his public, the older generation, what it wants."

Virginia Polytechnic Institute attributed detraction of the college man to envy. Years ago every laborer who fired a boiler was an "engineer" Then the colleges began to turn out engineers and deprived mere mechanics of the title. So Virginia's dean thought it was those who were gradually being forced to give way to the college man who maliciously kept up the myth that the college man was a gin-slinging, irresponsible scofflaw.

Another dean who had been a dean of a residence like the old one in Toronto scoffed at the popular fallacy that undergrads are wetter than old grads. He said "There is less rowdyism, drunkenness and shiftlessness in the students of today than in any other college generation with which I have been connected."

None of these experts on student morals would admit that college girls are more given to "necking" and amorous tete-a-tetes, either with or without moonshine, than any other type of girl. One said "Since the war there has been greater familiarity between the sexes in society generally It is no more noticeable in colleges than elsewhere." Michigan State Normal College found that its co-eds, despite their lipsticks and rolled stockings, were just as successful as Quaker maidens in commanding masculine respect. "Our male students are very courteous in their treatment of the feminine sex."

TODAY, THE UNIFORM OF THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO IS THE WET TOWEL.

Grain of Truth

ONE dean admitted that there was a "grain of truth" in the gin and sex jokes of the college comics. Another said. "We still have garterless socks and co-eds who are amateur Cleopatras" Another put at five per cent "the frivolous minority which does, I think, indulge in drinking, necking and neglect of class work in an effort to be collegiate." But the vast majority of deans confessed that their job as censors or morals was practically a sinecure

"Social and moral conditions are better than they were thirty years ago," said the students' moral guardian in Pacific Union College. In Southwestern University it was the same glad story "Our students are better morally, socially and scholastically than were the students of two decades ago."

Hollywood has no excuse for its libels on the colleges when it has the University of California right at its door to bear witness that its students have "ideals and standards of conduct better than those of former generations. Never did undergraduates do so much work as at present."

The libel the deans were most eager to refute is the sartorial libel. They declared that it was no more true that the students dress badly then that they act badly. Undergraduate faces were, in fact, as clean as undergradute morals.

Still the dean of the University of Nevada made a curiously frank confession. "The boys of the University of Nevada dress in a slouchy manner and wear whipcord trousers and sweaters which are not ordinarily clean, but they (the boys) are clean shaven and are very particular about cleanliness in every way except with regard to their sweaters or other clothing which is more or less class insignia"

Their Uniform the Wet Towel

THE typical garb of the American college student is not the frescoed raincoat or balloon trousers, but rather sweaters, overalls or cordoroy breeches. Anyone believing that all college students wear wide-bottomed trousers, patent leather shoes and other "collegiate" raiment need only visit the campus of the University of Florida. He will find a group of serious young men in overalls."

In Oklahoma University he will find an even more serious group of young men in "top boots, khaki pants and generally a heavy jacket, frequently a sort of leather coat." Oklahoma students not only burn the midnight oil, they also shoot the noonday oil well The most popular course is geology and the academic uniform is field work uniform.

Vanderbilt University boasts: "We have no lumberjack shirts, corduroy breeches and high-laced boots such as are seen on the campuses to the north of us," but North Carolina State University admits "many of our men wear overalls when it is not necessary. That gives a stranger the impression that they are sloppy in their dress."

Thus ruthlessly is the Hollywood collegiate scarecrow stripped of its last glad rag and the typical college student is proved to be not a creature of sartorial freakishness, but a serious-minded young man wearing a lumberjack shirt, blue demin overalls and boots as high as his ideals.

It is not the popular conception of a collegian, but those deans assembled in iconoclastic conference at Washington should know their college boys and girls. And they out of their vast knowledge declare solemnly that there are no such animals as the play boys and play girls with whom the cartoonists and caricaturists have populated the academic world. If fond parents scrimp and save to give their sons and daughters a taste of the jazz and joie de vivre of a higher learning that is as merry as a midway, they are being victimized. They are sending their offspring not to something as gay as a cabaret show, but to something as dignified as a mortician's parlor

Toronto's Uniform

DEAN Doyle's questionnaire was purely an American one. How is it with Toronto? Does the "collegiate" type, exploded south of the line, still exist here in an undetonated state?

If by their suits ye shall know them, it does not.

The uniform of the University of Florida is the overall. Today the uniform of the University of Toronto is the wet towel And that wetness has nothing to do with whoopee. It goes with the period of preparation for examination. It is not the morning after repenting the night before. It is the night before making ready for the morning after.

This is no time to go looking for proof of academic frivolity. All is high seriousness in the local halls of high culture. I peeped into the library The college girls did not have their feet on the table. They had their elbows on it as a prop for their bowed heads. They are not laying on the lipstick like hostesses in midnight shows They fear to accentuate the paleness of their cheeks as they draw near their mental intelligence test They haven't the short skirts of Hollywood's co-eds. They want something to hide the knocking together of their knees.

On the campus I saw a group of them mobbing a spectacled youth of the academic type the movies jeer at. They were not necking him. They were pumping him There is no feminine cult of the football here today. The college man the co-eds adore is the classroom hero who can guess the professors' questionnaire. But in the film to win first-class honors they would merely have to vamp the professor.

Toronto's dean cannot deny that his university is wet, with the wetness of wet towels, but he can say of his students, as the dean of California of his, "They are taking their university work with a remarkable degree of seriousness."

Here as there, it is the May day bomb that shatters the collegiate myth.

Hooked Rugs—Buying Apocryphal Antiques

EDITH Johnstone parked her glistening maroon roadster before a handsome white house with emerald-green shutters and hastened up the flagstone walk. A Japanese butler admitted her to a hall beyond which was a living-room luxuriously furnished with antiques. A glance disclosed a trencher table of pine, as rich and lustrous as amber; a cherry spinet; several fiddle-back chairs end, on a tiptable near a window through which sunlight streamed, candelabre of Waterford glass as blue as the singing blue of the Mediterranean.

In a voice hard with the metal of excitement Edith Johnstone asked, "Is Mrs Guyer in?"

The butler said, "Yes, Mrs. Johnstone," and a slim woman came trotting down the curving white-and-mahogany stairs so rapidly that the short dress of her smart blue suit bellied out.

Edith Johnstone's green eyes were glowing. A spot of red rode high on either cheek. She began talking rapidly, with nervous gestures.

"Bess, I've found a gold mine! Esther Barnes just told me that that old Simpson woman of the Red Rock Road is selling things that've been in the family generations. She's practically starving. She tried to knit scarves and sweaters, then she tried to bake cakes for parties, then she tried selling aluminum ware. She gave luncheon parties at people's houses, supplied the food herself and cooked it in aluminum ware, and then tried to sell pots and pans afterwards. But people ate her food but they didn't buy her aluminum. I guess she's run out of ideas. She's living in the little salt-box house that her great-great-some-thing-grandfather built."

"I know her," Bess Guyer said. "Dad was always talking about what fine old stock the Simpsons were—how resourceful they were—always the first to change with the times. She's been trying to educate a granddaughter, and she certainly hasn't adjusted herself to these times That salt-box house must be full of heirlooms she moved from the big Simpson house when it was foreclosed"

Glittering hard-blue eyes embraced glittering hard-green eyes. The wives of rich young go-getter husbands, both Edith and Bess had ample funds for gratifying their current passion—antiques. They tracked down bargains with the gusto of a hound tracking down rabbits.

"We'll have to do it now," said Edith. "I have a luncheon at one and bridge this afternoon and tomorrow and the next day I'm positively booked solid"

"So am I," said Bess "It's the only two hours I've got this week."

Three minutes and forty-five seconds later the two fashionable young matrons were in the maroon roadster, being pursued by a cloud of dust and last Fall's leaves.

At a fork stood the paintless salt-box house. Two fine old elms like sentinels sheltered and protected it. The half of a huge millstone, which served as a doorstep, had been hollowed by the scuffing of six generations of feet.

Time had laid upon the little salt-box a silver-grey patina. It had a jaunty air, as if the collective assaults of 174 years had merely given it faith.

A sharp knock at the door prompted a serene voice to say, "Come in." The two young women entered a large low room which gave a first impression of barrenness, because the floor was scrubbed so white. But a quick inspection disclosed numerous attractions and caused the two smartly dressed visitors to exchange shrewd glances. There were banister-back and slat-back chairs. There was a cherry pie-crust table There was, in a corner, an old pine cupboard full of China On the mantlepiece, above the large blackened fireplace with its inevitable wrought-iron cranes and Dutch oven, were gleaming pieces of colored glass,

"I'm taking these hooked rugs, this sampler, this chair, this glass bird and these pewter candlesticks . . ."

a banjo clock, pewter candlesticks Samplers on the wall testified to the industry of young ladies of a century ago. On the floor were several hooked rugs. It was evident that there were many less now than there had been.

Beside a sunny window sat an old woman in black with white at her neck. The black dress was rusty. She looked poor. Poor but saucy. Mrs. Simpson was knitting As her long bone needles flashed she gently rocked. There was an air of tranquility about her—you expected her to be faintly fragrant of lavender She was pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, and she wore steel-rimmed spectacles She sat in the middle of a charming oval rug, a hooked rug that was a pink suffusion, like sunlight sifting through eary morning mist.

Her two callers wasted no time on amenities. With swift appraising glances they went about the room, picking up this, and, in quick sharp voices, demanding the price of that. It did not seemingly occur to them that their hard, brisk, businesslike air, their thinly disguised greed, was inconsiderate; that parting with these things might have caused the old woman pain.

Another old woman entered. She walked with the aid of a gnarled black hickory stick Her eyes, under yellow-white hair, were black and hostile. The hickory stick made a tapping sound, like the cane of a blind man She gave the two busy young women a look of disapproval as she limped over and sat down with a snort beside Mrs. Simpson.

Bess briskly asked, "How much for that rug—the one you're on?"

Mrs. Simpson glanced up from her knitting and glanced down over her steel-rimmed spectacles. She mentioned a price. Bess gave Edith a hard glance which said, "Someone has been telling her about prices." She snapped, "I'll take it. Haven't you a lot of things in the attic?'

Mrs. Simpson nodded.

"But I won't be bringing them down till next week"

She who had come in with the aid of the hickory stick muttered something under her breath and Mrs. Simpson shifted her chair off the pinky glowing rug.

Bess said.

"I'm taking these three hooked rugs, this sampler, this chair, this glass bird and these pewter candlesticks They come to a hundred and six seventy-five. Supposing we call it an even hundred."

"My things," briskly said Edith, "come to eighty-two-fifty. Supposing we call it an even eighty."

Mrs. Simpson became confused. Her knitting needles trembled Her pinkness became pinker. Crisp green and yellow bills thrust into her lap seemed to confuse her still more. The black eyes of her companion sparkled angrily.

The two young matrons hastened off with their purchases. When the roadster's exhaust had melted away to the familiar chirping of a cricket, Mrs Simpson's caller glanced at the small pile of bills and snorted again.

"Hooked rugs! You old hypocrite!"

Mrs. Simpson continued tranquilly to knit. "I don't lie to them," she calmy replied, "They can't buy antiques cheaper anywhere The time I spend rummaging around and going to the auctions entitles me to a nice, long profit. If business keeps picking up, I'm going to buy another ten acres of the old Simpson farm next month."

Cobbler Succeeds Where $25-a-Visit Doctor Fails

EVIDENCE now appears to support the German theory that rheumatism is often caused by flat feet. A few weeks ago President von Hindenburg, recovering from a recent illness, complained of severe "rheumatism" in his knee. Doctors and masseurs were called in, but they brought no relief, and electric treatment also proved useless.

Finally Willy Sachs, well-known mesmerist, was summoned. Daily he performed his magic on the ailing member and went away, first collecting a fee of $25. Fifteen times he called, each time collecting his fee, but each time giving the Reich's President temporary relief.

Finally the President opined that even this was useless, as after a few hours the pain returned and also he thought $375 sufficient to lay out on such an experiment. Resigned to his fate, he received next day a call from a modest bootmaker who had executed a commission to design and manufacture a new pair of Presidential boots.

When studying the Presidential foot the bootmaker had decided that the new boots needed arches, and they were so equipped. President von Hindenburg tried them on, and, after long reflection, decided to walk across the room. The miracle had happened The swelling in his knee had vanished. The walk was continued in the Presidential gardens and a communique issued to the effect that the period of convalescence was at an end

The Professor

Policeman (to elderly professor who has witnessed motor car accident): "You say you saw the accident, sir. What was the number of the car that knocked this man down?"

Professor: "I'm afraid I've forgotten it But I remember noticing that it was multiplied by itself, the cube root of the product would be equal to the sum of the digits reversed."

A River Combine

Continued From Preceding Page

I was s'prised I'd been worrying my heart out, fearin' May'd see how no 'count I was to her, an' be shut of me like I was an old hat. When she talked thetaway, letting on she feared we'd break up, my heart jes' grew so big it hurt, like it would burst. May didn't want to lose me! She was so mad at the thought, she lashed me with her tongue, stinging biting, slighting, scolding words. But, shucks! Theb's no joy so sweet as the raw wounds a woman gives a man, account of her being jealous.

"That woman dancin' to my music!" May scorched me, her face twisting an' her eyes squinting mad. "You fiddlin' for her to dance! That woman!"

I espect some men is so sure an' pop'lar that it don't mean nothin' to them when a woman's jealous on their account. Prob'ly up-the-bankers, swell folks, neveh know what hit is to find out a lady likes them so much she hates anybody else thet's friendly.

I come down on the riveh account of a woman's laugh at my playing music, the best I could do, for her—when she'd been listening to jingling dollars in another man's pocket. Funny, ain't it, how things work out? I've been making more money in a day 'n that feller she jilted me for has evah made in a week.

I was at May's feet I kissed those pretty silk stockings, between the straps of her slippers. I cried, tears coming down my cheeks—but not on account of being sorry, no, indeed! I was happy!

An' I took her hands in mine. I kissed them, grateful as a dog for the friendly pat of his mistress. I'd neveh in God's world deserve any happiness thet dancing girl had given me; the rewards of heaven couldn't have tempted me away from what it dawned on me was coming to be mine—account of her jealous of the up-the-bank woman!

My Arms Around Her

COURSE, d'rectly I was standing up. I was standing in the cabin of my shanty boat, on the floor where Steppin' May'd been practicing An' she was right theh, with my arms around her, an' her face turned up to me

"May," I said, "yo' don't mean—yo' don't want me to ask yo to marry yo', do you?"

"Don't I?" she asked, awful sarcastic. "What do I want, then"

I couldn't believe it, even then, an' her in my arms, all limp—to have for my own, to kiss those lips, to claim those eyes! Lawse! Lawse! Fiddling Luce come to this down old Mississip'!

I married her We cut loose from Mendova, trippin' down. When night came, I couldn't believe it were so, that she wouldn't, an' I wouldn't either, go out into that skiff alongside, to sleep under the tarpaulin—but this was our cabin, our room, and she'd sit on my lap. Sho! Sho!

Yes, suh! Lots drap down old Mississip', an' the farther down they go, the more miserable they are. They'd better quit, 'fore they roll out at the Passes. But some—some thet hear the music, some thet see the flash and spread of the colors, some that listen to the birds and feel the soothing in the sting of the North Wind, an' smell the fragrance of the blossoms in the dank of the swamp brakes—they'd sure better keep on trippin' down; yes, indeed!

I tell yo', if a man can step to the song old Mississipp' sings, he better not break with it. He'll march into the halls of plumb comfort, if he marks the time, yes, suh. That's my experience 'Tain't everybody's, but hit's mine. An' May, she says it's her esperience, too. We've been far together, New York an' the Coast— Sho! No matter if we's busy—ev'ry wunst in a while we stop off on old Mississip', buy a shanty boat an' trip down. That's what we're doing now. But we don't neveh stop to Mendova any more. May won't let me.

"I ain't going to have that woman—any other woman—steppin' to your music!"

Just like that, and then we both laugh.

Building Stone Sawed and Nailed Like Wood

REPORTS from Armenia tell of the discovery of a strange stone which, it is said, can be nailed like a piece of board, sawed with an ordinary saw and painted any color. This curious stone, which it is hoped will insure the economic independence of Armenia, has been found in great quantities in the vicinity of the little town of Artig and has in consequence come to be called in Armenia artig dufa.

The dufa is a light building material, but it is reported to be tough and able to withstand great strains. Heat and sound penetrate it very little, and the material is being made to serve equally well as the walls of a building or as the furniture inside it.

Discharges of lava from Mount Aragats originated the deposits of dufa, which are estimated to amount to some 60,000,000 cubic meters The discovery has aroused great interest in European scientific circles The Armenian Government, as a member of the Soviet Union, has sought the opinion of Moscow mineralogists as to the uses of the dufa

According to plans recently announced, the Soviet Governments are going to erect buildings constructed of dufa in many of the principal cities of the Union to advertise the stone.

Interesting

Fair Young Real Estate Agent: "Could I interest you in Culver City?"

Susceptible. "Lady, you could interest me anywhere."

Suburb and Country

Agriculture is a first principle: on it rests the life and happiness of mankind.—Julius A. Dimock

Care of Poultry on the Farm

By R. C. GIBSON

YOU finished hatching from your heavy breeds some time ago, and the last broods from the lights are, or should be, well on the way. The next thing, then, is to break up the breeding pens. More room is needed for the growing stock; you want to get rid of the old and "worn out" hens, to clean up the houses and sweeten the runs. In fact, for the sake of profit generally, you must start on this breaking up business as soon as the last hatching egg has been set or sold.

In the past you may have been tempted to give some of your breeders "just one more year." Is it really worth it? Unless they were exceptionally true to type and good layers, we are inclined to doubt it. Some of your last year's pullets may quite possibly be equal to or even better then these birds, so your best plan is to handle your 1928 pullets and find out if there are enough good ones to fill 1930's breeding pens. If there are, well and good; if there are not, then you will have to keep on the best of this year's breeders. Anyway, you will never go far wrong in keeping one that has done well and is typically a good specimen of her breed. She also has to her credit the fact that she laid 226 two and a quarter-ounce eggs in twelve months. The profitable life of a hen from the point of view of laying is up to two years, but from a breeding point of view, providing the bird is any use as a breeder, it is as long as that bird will breed well. You must have a good look at the chickens you have had from your breeding pens. This will tell you whether the birds are worth keeping. If they are really fine chickens, then the hens are well worth keeping for another season. Breeders that are known to breed good birds are more valuable than the chickens which they themselves have bred. A good male likewise. If he has given good progeny, he is certainly worth retaining for another season. One fact you must remember, though, with regard to these old breeders is that they come into lay later in the new year (usually not before middle February and sometimes not till March), and therefore if January hatched birds for stock males are required, you cannot rely on the old breeders. One or two-year-olds, at the most, must be mated for January eggs.

With Exhibition Birds

WITH show stock we have a different question. Again you must take an inventory of the quality of your younger stock. You must determine how many breeding pens you will want next year, and on that quantity base your culls now. A bird that has won cups, specials and firsts, provided you have not many more to equal her, should certainly be retained for breeding for another year. The trouble is, though, that she lays fewer eggs each year, so that when four or five years old she may lay so few that she becomes an uneconomical proposition. Another point in keeping the older hens, especialy of exhibition breeds, is that a hen which has come through the moult and come through it sound, is more valuable than a pullet whose quality in this respect is dubious.

And Cross Breeds

A FIRST cross is the progeny of two pure breeds, and as such carry some of the characteristics of the breeds. It is distinctly unwise to breed from these, for the result is mongrels. When you have been breeding from birds themselves cross-breds maybe, because you were short of layers, we would advise you to think very carefully now and, if you can possibly, get rid of them. We know you will find pure breeds to be far better. Then there are the pens that were mated up for sex linkage. What are we going to do with the birds from these? It all depends (1) upon what they are, (2), upon what use you can make of the male, and (3) upon the size of the hens. Can you use the male? If he is of a heavy breed and you have some of the same sort of females, you could mate for pure chickens next season. If a light breed you could do the same. In regard to the pullets, if they are of a heavy breed, you could get a heavy breed or a Houdan cock and mate them again next October for the Spring chicken trade, and next February to May for utility. If you can find no use either for cocks or hens, you should sell them at once.

Health and Vigor

AND now we come to the birds you will cull from the health point of view. Many good breeders develop internal troubles as they get on in years. Of course you will not keep any of these, so to help you in finding them out, we give the following short table of the defects you may expect to discover, together with their symptoms:

Internal laying, hard, lumpy abdomen; dropsy, full abdomen, which sounds watery when gently shaken; incipient blindness, use your hand to detect, internal fat, felt at pelvics and abdomen.

Constitutional vigor is one of the greatest necessities in breeding, and should do much to counteract trouble, such as dead in shell, deaths up to the fourteenth day and a poor growing season.

The Empty House and Run

YOUR culling may mean that a house and run are vacant. This will not matter. Now is the chance to give the house a thorough cleaning, and better still, to allow it to be empty for a period. The interior should be limewashed, the perches, dropping boards and hoppers dismantled, disinfected and packed in a corner ready for use. The nest boxes should be cleaned out and disinfected and the nest eggs washed clean. The run, if grass, should be brushed and sprinkled with lime; if of earth, dug over roughly and allowed to sweeten. After a little while the house will be a most wonderful incentive to growth for the new three-month-old chickens. The run being fresh, will shoot them ahead, and they will have everything sweet and clean.

The Food You Will Give

PRICES for old hens will now deteriorate until near to Christmas, but your breeders are still in full lay. You can sell now, then, or you can feed them on the special "new" forcing mash to extract the last possible egg before selling. This is a complete mash and will in no way harm the fowls. The formula is: Six parts, by weight, of middlings, four of maize meal, three each of fish meal (or meat and bonemeal), and British Columbia ground oats, one of bran and one of clover meal. This is for use wet. For use dry, use two parts of bran.

A few weeks ago we told you our rules for mating up waterfowls—among them, of course, ducks. This week, then, by way of a follow-up, we are going to tell you the better ways of hatching the eggs and rearing the ducklings, which are, we hope, now being produced from your breeding pens. There are three ways in which you can hatch duck eggs—the natural, with a duck, that is; the semi-natural with a broody hen, and the artificial with an incubator. Let us take each method in turn.

Natural Hatching

THE Broody Duck.—In this case the duck will prefer to find and make its own nest, and it is far better to let it. You must, however, do three things: (1), see that she is undisturbed by other ducks by putting a partition or screen around the nest; (2)), see that she is "set" upon the proper eggs and the proper number, and (3), see that she receives enough food.

A Khaki-Campbell broody can cover ten or eleven duck eggs, and a Buff Orpington twelve or thirteen. A Runner makes only a "chance" broody, and is not to be trusted.

The Broody Hen.—It is better to use a hen than a duck, as it can be more easily controlled. The nest should be made of damp earth as a foundation, with broken straw as a thin lining. A broody weighing five pounds will cover eight to nine duck eggs; one of six pounds, nine to ten; but it is best to err on the side of giving too few than too many. The eggs should be as fresh as possible and washed clean quickly in warm water and dried with a towel. Duck eggs require ample moisture, and the better way is to keep the earth nest damp by pouring in water from a teacup at intervals of four days. You can tell how the dampness is going if you test with the fingers when the hen is off for her daily feed.

From the end of the first week sprinkle the eggs with warm water every other day just before the hen is put back on the nest; otherwise the water will become cold on the eggs. During the last week sprinkle the eggs every day. Leave the hen severely alone on the twenty-sixth day, after having sprinkled the eggs liberally. Remember, duck eggs take twenty-eight days to hatch, but crack on the twenty-sixth and no trouble need be expected if the ducklings seem to be a long while coming out of their shells. If you set two hens at a time, one hen can brood the whole of the ducklings when hatched with perfect safety.

Artificial Hatching

THE best temperature when hatching duck eggs in an incubator is 102 degrees Fahrenheit till the end of the third week, when it should be raised to 103 degrees. Duck eggs require plenty of moisture, so you leave the felts of hot air incubator in the machine right through the hatch, and also sprinkle the eggs with warm water once a day for the first week and twice a day during the last week, ceasing when the eggs chip. This sprinkling should be done after turning, so that the eggs can be put back at once. The eggs should not be cooled, but, as with hens' eggs, turning up to five times a day is a very great advantage. It is wise to test the air space for moisture. In a warm room, with no semblance of a draught, the spraying need only be done once every two days for the first fortnight; every twelve hours during the actual hatching. The dried and fluffed-out ducklings should be transferred to a heated brooder. They do not like the air of the incubator.

Natural Rearing

WITH a Duck.—When all the ducklings are off, the duck may want to roam about. This must be prevented, and the best plan is to confine her to a wire run until the ducklings are at least a fortnight old. At any rate, you must not let young ducklings be taken to cold swimming water. Feed the duck separately from the babies, for they will be sure to gobble down her food and maybe choke. Water, of course, they must always have before them, or you will be losing many youngsters as the result of "staggers."

With a Hen.—For the first twenty-four hours it is best to leave the hen still unmoved in the darkened coop with her brood. Rest is more essential than feeding. After that time, move them to a warm, roomy coop placed in a sheltered position and littered with half-inch chaff. Ducklings are hardy little things, but there are three points that cannot be emphasized too much: (1), water must always be before them; (2), they must have protection from sun, and (3) from rain. If possible, run them on grass, and it is far better to confine them to a movable run than to allow free range—at least for the first fortnight.

Artificial Rearing

THE great point in artificial duck-rearing is to see that the brooder or foster-mother never becomes overheated. A temperature of eighty-five degrees is ample for the first week, followed by eighty degrees for the second, and seventy to seventy-five degrees for the third. In warm weather the lamps are best out during the day from May onwards, and unless the weather is chilly, ducklings do not require any heat at all after the first ten days or so. And you must not overcrowd. An appliance designed to hold 100 will accommodate no more than sixty ducklings and other sizes in proportion. Plenty of fresh air is also an essential to successful duck-rearing, and you will find it is a good plan to pin up at least three inches of the felt curtain of the hover or to leave the sliding door of the brooder open at night.

About Feeding

YOU must not feed the first fifty hours at least, and then made a start with wholemeal breadcrumbs soaked in skim milk. Nothing is better. Skim milk is the finest drink you can give ducks, but of course they cannot bathe in it. Therefore the better plan is to give them a bathing bowl full of water let into the ground. It is very important that ducklings should be able to wash their nostrils and eyes, so their water vessels should be big enough for them to get their whole head underneath. A baking-tin one inch deep is ideal for baby ducklings, and to prevent them getting wet through we stand an inverted flower pot in it. A barred zinc or wooden trough will be needed for the wet mash. If it is not barred the ducks will flatten down the mash by walking on it, so that not only appears extremely unpalatable, but they are also unable to poke their bills in and get a mouthful. For the first few feeds the soaked bread should be given on a clean board and the ducklings are taught to eat—and drink, too, for that matter—by catching some of the bigger ones and bending them down to the food or water until they begin to nibble on their own. After the feeds they must be put underneath the hover to get warm.

Some Feeding Hints

THE bread and milk feed—given five times a day—continues for the first week and then the youngsters start right away on the "better" baby duckling mash, which is four parts, by weight, of finest middlings, two parts each of maize germ meal and broad bran, one part of ground oats and one-half part of fish meal, preferably impregnated with cod liver oil. If you can mix this to a crumbly consistency with skim milk instead of water, by all means do so, and in such cases cut down the fish meal to one-quarter. Feed the mash four times a day, no grain being given at these early stages. Oyster or clean shell grit is very necessary after six days, and—once again a reminder—water always. The best green foods are grass, spinach, lettuce and chickweed, and they may be fed in troughs or sprinkled on the water. Do not let the birds bathe for at least three weeks and protect them from wet and sun. Ducks quickly soil their litter, and it must be shaken up each morning to dry. Whole straw is best after they are one month old.

Island Cow Sets New Mark

La Frances Princess, Owned by Dr. M. L. Olsen, of Duncan

Growing Iris

IRIS growing as a hobby for the amateur gardener may be suggested as a suitable diversion for the average conditions of garden space and working time. The iris to many people is represented by one or two varieties blooming in yards and gardens where it has been for more than a generation. In horticultural cities, however, it is one of the leading flowers, and to the breeding and improvement of varieties horticulturists of many countries are working.

Night Gardens

THERE are many reasons for considering the use in gardens of night blooming plants. Evenings are long and hours for garden exercise longer. Most of the work must be done then. We cannot stop for rest or to enjoy the quiet, which gives us the most joy from our flowers and fragrance until the light is gone.

Then the time comes for inspection walks in leisurely fashion around the beds or borders, to see the lights of the evening primrose and inhale the scents of the flowering tobacco, petunia or heliotrope. Those who are away all day will be attracted by the delights of the smallest garden if the proper plants are used.

Some of the features associated with plants for a night garden are the opening of blossoms which are closed during the day, and this is closely connected with the visits of fascinating insect life, colors which will show at night, fragrance and the infusion of artificial light into the garden.

A poker enthusiast asked a party of three to his house for an evening's play. When the guests had gone, the host was appropriately vicious, having dropped a fiver.

As he was leaving the room he noticed a silver teaspoon on the carpet. He picked it up and glowered at it.

"I wonder," he muttered, "which of them has a hole in his pocket!"

Garden Week by Week

By NORMAN W. F. RANT, F.R.H.S.

THREE years ago, when opening the Summer Flower Show, the Hon. Robert Randolph Bruce said: "The very fact of being surrounded by flowers, as we are in Victoria, must have an elevating effect upon the lives of the people." The Lieutenant-Governor, himself a great flower lover and an excellent gardener, expressed a truism in his statement, for there is no doubt that flowers are one of Victoria's two greatest assets. The other is children. Where in the whole wide world can one find better specimens of either?

To be surrounded by flowers means something more than just planting them. It means work. Only a short time ago a landscape architect made a garden, and a very nice garden, too, and it was left in perfect order. There was a nice little plantation of rhododendron and azaleas, a perennial border fully furnished; a tiny rock garden and a lawn, to say nothing of base planting at the house. One month passed and the good lady rang up the telephone and wanted to know what was wrong with her garden. The landscape architect went to see. The weeds had started to grow and no hoe had been used, that was all, but the good lady seemed to think that when a garden had been designed and laid out and planted by a professional it should "stay put" forever without further attention. There are people like that.

Fighting the Weeds

"A GARDEN is a lovesome thing," but it must be looked after. Perhaps if Adam and Eve had acted a little differently gardening would have been easier, but we have to take the garden world, like the rest, as we find it and we find that weeds will grow "in spite of the devil and Tom Walker," and it is up to us to keep them in check.

Now, weeding in its many various forms is one of the unpleasant parts of gardening, a job that the keenest of us shrink from and, to be truthful, often put off, but it has to be done, and the best way to do it is to "do it now."

The sooner we get after the weeds in the Spring the less we shall have to do later on. Get after the weeds while they are small and never let a weed go to seed if you can help it.

Of course, in a new country with lots of vacant land in all directions the weed problem is much greater than in a district that is settled, with everyone killing weeds. The vacant lot is the breeding ground of half the weeds in our gardens.

But no matter where they come from, the weeds must be gone after and kept in check.

In Flower Garden

IN a kitchen garden the matter is simple. A hoe or a cultivator will run up and down and do the business without much trouble, but in the perennial border and the rock garden the matter is somewhat more complicated. The Dutch hoe and the little hand hoes are very useful, but the best tool of all is the human hand. So far nothing has been invented that is half as quick or half so effective. True, the hands get dirty, very dirty, and the dirt is hard to get off, and you cannot weed in gloves, at least I can't; but this is all part of the price we have to pay for being surrounded with flowers and getting the elevating effect upon our lives.

The greatest trouble about weeding is getting started. Once one gets "set" it is surprising how one can get along and how quickly the time passes. In fact, the hours are not long enough. Weeding is not without its rewards. What an appetite it develops! What a fine sound sleep it insures, and what a feeling of having really done something worth while it produces! It also gives one time to do a lot of thinking which is in itself a good thing, because we don't think half enough.

A Fine Exercise

THE writer knows a man who writes stories for a living, and he says that his best yarns are developed while he is weeding his garden. This same man also states that he finds weeding and other garden work the best health insurance he knows of and keeps himself fit with three or four hours garden work every day, rain or shine.

"Golf and games are all very well for those who have time," he says, "but when one has to spend an hour going to the golf course and an hour coming back it takes too much of the little spare time I have. As it is, I just go out in the garden and get exercise every spare minute I have. Yes, sir, gardening, and particularly weeding, is the great health sheet anchor for the story writer."

Now Spring is really here, it is time to get after the weeds so that one may be surrounded by flowers all Summer long.

Heifer Holds World's Record

LA Frances Princess (39,761), the cow illustrated in this article, was acquired by Dr. M. L. Olsen, of Duncan, as a young bred heifer. She spent her calf life more or less roughing it in a bush pasture, which toned her digestive tract and made it capable of handling food to the best advantage.

She responds to feeding better than any animal the owner has ever known.

La Frances Princess was born on May 11, 1925; sire, Sultan's Owl of Ferndale (19,866); dam, Birdie La France of M.L.P. (2,887), a daughter of Melts Ann's King Seventh.

She has blood lines in common with most of the cows in America famous for production. She possesses lots of type as well as production. The cow was bred by A. E. Collyer, Chemainus, V.I., and the first calf arrived April 24, 1927. As a yearling she produced 10,778 pounds of milk and 575 pounds of butter fat (Canadian record). The second calf came April 29, 1928, which at twelve months of age gives promise of being a wonderful show animal as well as a producer.

As a senior two-year-old La Frances Princess produced 14,481 pounds of milk and 729 pounds of fat, and exceeds the world's record of 3,033 pounds of milk and seventy pounds of fat.

She gave over 1,900 pounds of milk during the first thirty days of her test, the highest daily production being seventy and a half pounds. She was milked three times daily and was never kept in a barn, being provided, however, with shelter where she could go for protection from the weather and to be milked and fed. Her feed consisted of pasture, green oats and vetch, green corn, kale, hay and grain.

Her grain ration consisted of bran, shorts, ground oats, soy bean and oil cake. No set mixture was used and the daily grain ration was not weighed, but the mixture and quantity was varied as she seemed to require it. At no time was she fed more than about fifteen pounds of grain in one day. She has a most wonderful digestive tract and responds to small changes in rations so quickly that her production can almost be controlled at will.

Remarkable Records

AS she has made two wonderful records and will not mature for another year yet, she is not being put on test for a three-year-old, but will be given just as much of a rest as is possible before she calves again.

She would be capable of making about seventy-five or eighty pounds of milk daily now, and would probably be able to make over a thousand pounds of fat in 365 days as a three-year-old. Another such record before she is mature would probably be too much of a strain. A few of her calves will probably do the Jersey breed more good than another world's record. Her third calf was born on April 20, 1929, a bull calf sired by Glamorgan Pedro's Beau.

This remarkable record is a wonderful tribute to her owner, Dr. M. L. Olsen, who has made a study of high grade daily stock. Under the circumstances a brief sketch of Lieut. Olsen no doubt will be of interest to the readers of The Colonist.

DR. MARTIN L. OLSEN

Sketch of Owner's Career

LIEUTENANT Olsen was brought up on a stock farm in Colorado, and has always been interested in animals. He attended the University of Colorado in 1913 and 1914, and later transferred to the Colorado Agricultural College, taking up the study of veterinary medicine, representing a four-year course.

In the middle of the course he went into the United States Field Artillery, was commissioned and went overseas. After the Armistice he returned to college, completed the final two years, and received the degree of D.V.M.

Dr. Olsen has practiced veterinary medicine in Cowichan since the late Fall of 1922, and has become interested in the breeding of Jerseys. He has made considerable study of the breeding and feeding of animals.

He also has a fox farm which furnishes many most interesting problems, both of breeding and feeding.

The Depth of Cream

THE householder and the milk dealer find a common interest in the depth of the cream layer on the bottle of milk left on the front step each morning, and dairy specialists have instituted a series of investigations to discover just what factors affect the creaming ability of milk. As a beginning, a comparison has been made of milk from Holstein and from Jersey cows, with the result that milk from these two important dairy breeds has been found to have equal capacities for producing cream in proportion to the amount of fat in the milk.

"Milk from Jersey and Holstein cows had the power to produce four per cent of cream layer for each per cent of fat in the milk," says J. C. Marquardt, United States dairy specialist at the Geneva, N.Y., station, who points out that the establishment of a creaming power factor for normal milk is an important advance in the study of the creaming ability of milk, and that knowledge gained from further studies along this line is expected to prove of special interest to the dairy industry.

"An exhaustive study of the factors affecting the creaming of milk has been undertaken in the station dairy laboratory," says Mr. Marquardt. "The first step in this work was to establish a creaming power factor for normal milk of a high and a low fat content. For this purpose milk from a Jersey and from a Holstein herd has been used.

"It is possible to conclude from these studies that the normal creaming power of Holstein and Jersey milk is equal when the layers of cream formed after twenty-four hours were measured. It was found, also, that normal Jersey and Holstein milk will produce approximately four per cent of cream layer for each per cent of fat in the milk when the latter is held at a low temperature.

"Holstein milk was found to cream more completely and uniformly during two and four-hour periods than does Jersey milk. The age of the cow, the season and the period of lactation did not seem to have any material influence on the creaming capacity of milk from either breed. The health of the animal, however, was a factor, for in most cases sick cows produced an abnormally deep cream layer."

Bird Baths

BY planting trees and shrubs which provide shelter, protection and food for birds much can be done to attract to gardens these welcome visitors, whose colorful plumage and delightful song add so much to garden enjoyment. There need be no sacrifice of beauty in design in order to work into the garden picture a corner of such planting. A charmingly natural planting can be made with a bird bath of pleasing design, set well out in the open, to complete the picture. Here the permanent residents of the garden and transient guests may bathe, in the sunshine, without fear of enemies springing upon them from cover too nearby.

Get Fresh Water From Sea Bottom in South Pacific

SURELY the strangest of all water supplies is that found in one far-off corner of the South Pacific. In the Paumotu Archipelago, which comprise islands of volcanic origin, there is one small island utterly devoid of spring water.

The rainfall throughout the entire year is negligible, but notwithstanding this seeming hopeless handicap the island maintains a healthy and happy community.

The newcomer is nonplussed at first, but he is soon put wise. The drinking water is, it appears, obtained from the surrounding sea. No elaborate and expensive distilling plant is utilized nor necessary. The supply of fresh water is simplicity itself.

Natives, dexterous swimmers from infancy, dive to the bottom of the bay carrying flasks fashioned from skin or canvas. These are filled from a gushing fresh water spring on the bed of the ocean and provide all the precious liquid essential for the needs of the islanders.

But how was such a well-concealed spring discovered? The natives only shake their heads. The knowledge of the spring's existence and its exact location has been handed down through many generations.

Another island of the Pacific, Nukuhiva, in the French Marquesas, is liberally endowed with springs, but so charged with minerals are the waters as to render them useless for ordinary household purposes.

For bathing and medicinal uses they are unique and far surpass the waters of our western spas.

For drinking and water for cooking the islands depend exclusively on what dew and rain can be collected in a reservoir which is located on the hills behind the village.

From the reservoir the water flows down open pipes, fashioned from split bamboo. The supply is adequate, but sometimes convenient.

The water leaves the reservoir just slightly warm, but traveling slowly down its narrow channel, exposed to the broiling tropical sun, it is delivered to consumers at a temperature approaching boiling point.

In drought-tormented countries man still sinks his water wells, but results cannot always be guaranteed, as in the case of the Moree Well.

Thirty-five years ago this little New South Wales township was the scene of a disastrous drought.

It was ascertained that a plentiful supply of water could be assured by sinking a well, and after long and arduous labor the underground water was tapped. In the matter of volume the wildest hopes were far surpassed. The water spouted to a height of thirty feet or more and quickly formed a minature lake, but it was boiling hot and gave off stifling sulphurous fumes.

Hotels have, however, since sprung up around the river and today Moree is raised from the status of a quiet township to that of a flourishing spa, known throughout Australia for its wondrous healing waters.